

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1872.

CHRISTINA NORTH.

BY E. M. ARCHER.

CHAPTER XV.

BERNARD OSWESTRY had left Overton restless and unhappy, and sore at heart. Christina had been his chief object ever since he could remember; all his hopes and projects had centred in her; and now it was not only that they were shattered, but they had been shattered by her in a way which had left him no one point upon which to seize for consolation. It was not only that she had been inconstant with no excuse; it was not, as he thought, that she cared for anyone else; but simply that for the sake of pleasing her relations and escaping from the difficulties of her position, she had been ready to break the promises upon which he had built so much. It was because of all this that he could not forgive her—not yet—not although he had seen her remorseful and unhappy, not although she had pleaded to him as she had never pleaded to him before. And yet he could not thrust her away altogether. It is not so easily that a true and tender heart can shut itself against the love in which it has trusted. And Bernard loved her still, not as he had loved her before, for sorrow and indignation had taken the place of hope and trust; but yet his love had not passed out of him—it was part of himself, and could not be got rid of.

He left Overton and threw himself
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into his work with an energy that never flagged, and a patience that was never exhausted. It was a busy life that he led, and fortunately for him there was much of out-door occupation and physical exertion to counteract the effect of his late hours and incessant work.

The architect under whom he was engaged had his office in the midst of a large and thickly populated manufacturing town in the north of England. In the centre of squalor and misery he was raising a church, beautiful in its proportions and rich in its architectural adornments, to stand as a witness for Christianity in the midst of a heathen generation; and it was upon this that Bernard was chiefly engaged as a young man of promise, capable of superintending the more delicate parts, in which taste was as necessary as mechanical skill. But he had also expeditions to make into the country, long days to spend in hurrying from place to place through the fresh air, which gave him a relief both mental and physical, else the perpetual strain upon his nerves must have broken down even his naturally healthy organization. He was young and inexperienced, and it was thus that he strove to drive away thought.

Even old Mr. Withers, the head of the firm, who rarely condescended to give a thought to the well-being or characters of his clerks, noticed the

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change in him ; for he had before been struck by his light-hearted zeal as much as by his aptitude for his business. Now he went so far as to remark on his pale and altered looks, and to inquire if he had anything on his mind,—had he been getting into money difficulties ? He did not like to see a young man who didn't care for reasonable relaxations, and came to office in the morning looking as if he had been up all night.

Bernard thanked him, but laughed at the idea that anything was wrong with him ; he would confide nothing ; and Mr. Withers, who had made an unusual exertion in broaching the subject, said no more, but was rather confirmed in his suspicions. He said he was sorry for it ; he feared young Oswestry was going to the bad : there was a hardness about him he did not like to see ; and he was positively alarmed when one day on going into the church he found Bernard walking unconcernedly about on some scaffolding at the top of the nave, where even old hands would have gone with precaution and some appliances for safety.

"What do you mean, sir ?" he asked angrily, when Bernard had leisurely descended into the body of the church. "It is not your business to be dancing the tight-rope here ! If you want to break your neck, I beg it may not happen in my church."

"There was no danger, sir. I had gone to examine the carving," Bernard answered quietly ; but Mr. Withers said to himself that he was not only hard but reckless.

Thus it was that he passed the fortnight of Christina's engagement to Mr. Warde, and then came the letter which told of what had taken place, and of how she was now Captain Cleasby's promised wife. He could not understand it for the moment. His mother's letter had come to him in the morning, but he had felt little interest in it, and a dislike to anything which would carry his thoughts back to Overton, and so he had thrust it into his pocket, and it was not until the dinner hour came round, and the workmen had dispersed, that he thought of reading it.

He had been round the corner of the street and got his glass of beer and bread and cheese for luncheon, and now he had nothing to do until two o'clock should strike ; so he went back into the empty church and took out his letter.

Few of the windows were as yet put in, and the wind blew chilly through the large empty church where the workmen's tools were lying about, and the blocks of unsculptured stone were the only landmarks in the open space. Bernard sat down upon one of them and read his letter through once very slowly. Then he turned back again to the beginning, and read some words over and over again until he began dimly to apprehend their meaning ; and when he did apprehend it, the course which things had taken and the motives which had been at work were fully revealed to him. Then it was not as he had imagined—Christina did indeed love some one else. For an instant a pang shot through him,—for an instant only, and then everything else gave way to a nobler, purer feeling of exultation. She had been wrong—cruelly wrong—as regarded his happiness, but she was not, as she had seemed, heartless, governed by prudential considerations. She had had a battle to fight, and she had been conquered ; she had allowed herself to be driven into tortuous paths, but at least she was not incapable of comprehending something higher than temporalities : at least he need not fear that her life would be narrowed so as to suit her creed, her aspirations lowered, and her future a blank.

Bernard stood up and pushed back his hair from his face, and though the tears were in his eyes, he smiled and said "Thank God," as he stood all alone, shut out from the world in the midst of the busy life in the streets around him. He was only two-and-twenty, and for him there was nothing left of the dream which had made life so beautiful. The spring of his years had passed with its promise and its freshness, but at least there was left to him the knowledge that he had not believed in a delusion ; he might still keep the faith which had so

nearly been taken from him ; and in this moment the church in which he stood was consecrated by a thanksgiving so unselfish, and a joy so unearthly, as to be near to that with which the angels of God rejoice.

That evening, sitting alone in his little lodging in one of the narrow streets of the town, he wrote to Christina. He was still sorrowful and hopeless so far as his own future was concerned ; but the bitterness had been taken from him, and he could write to her as he could not have written to her before.

"DEAR CHRISTINA,—I have heard, and at last I know—I understand. My life will not be an altogether sad one since you are happy. I thought I could not forgive you, but I forgive you now. Thank God, Christina, that it is not as I thought. Do not let the thought of me bring you nothing but reproach ; remember all the happiness you gave me ; remember that you have given me more than you can ever take away ;—and even in this world there are better things than happiness, and yet I am glad that it has fallen to your lot. God bless you now and always.

"BERNARD OSWESTRY."

In the meantime at Overton everything was prospering. Mr. North retained but little of his prejudice against the marriage ; Mrs. North did not openly express her dissatisfaction ; and, now that it was all arranged, Miss Cleasby had reconciled herself with a good grace to what could not be helped. She had desired to prevent it ; she was not now assured that it was for her brother's happiness or for Christina's, but she had warned him, and he would not be warned ; she had tried to guard Christina, and Christina would not be guarded ; and now she had made up her mind that destiny had settled it without any regard to her wishes, and she was anxious to be kind to the girl for Walter's sake, trusting the rest to time. He was pledged to her now, and she had no wish to make him depart from that pledge.

She called at the White House, but

Christina was out, and Mr. North less well, and his daughter-in-law with him ; so she did not see anyone, but only left a message, hoping that Miss North would come and see her some time ; and that same afternoon, Christina, coming in as it was growing dusk, found the message awaiting her, and said that she would go at once. There was still more than an hour before her grandfather's dinner hour, and she felt that she would like to get the meeting over ; not that she dreaded it, but she was curious and impatient to see Miss Cleasby again, now that their relative positions had undergone so strange and startling a change.

She went in for one moment just to give her grandfather the newspaper she had procured for him at the village post-office ; and then she went across the road, and in at the Park gates and up the hill towards the house.

She remembered how she had left it ; how she had said to herself that she would never enter those doors again ; she remembered her first meeting with Miss Cleasby, and how full she had been of excitement and curiosity and uncertainty ; and now she threw back her head a little as she thought how changed it all was. She had not thought as yet of the Park as the home of which she would be mistress ; she was too imaginative to have as yet given much heed to the practical bearings of the position ; but she did think that all this was his, and he was hers.

She rang at the door and asked for Miss Cleasby, and was told that she was at home ; and she knew that the servant had glanced at her with polite interest as he threw open the drawing-room door and announced her to his mistress.

Miss Cleasby was in a low chair by the fire, for the weather was growing chilly, and both she and her brother had been accustomed to warm climates. She looked very comfortable, a novel in her hand, and a little table with a perfect little china tea-service close beside her ; and she did not get up when she saw it was only Christina,

but held out her hands, and drew her down to her and kissed her.

"I am so glad you have come," she said; "now we can have a little talk all to ourselves. I was so sorry you were out this afternoon. Walter told me all about it, my dear, and I wanted to see you. I don't want us to be strangers to each other long."

Christina had sat down by her, and she was leaning lazily back as usual; but she was looking at Christina all the time, rather as if she were a new and interesting study.

"I was not quite pleased, just at first," Miss Cleasby went on with gentle candour. "But I suppose that wouldn't have mattered much to you."

"Not comparatively much," said Christina, smiling—thinking at that moment that nothing could have mattered except the one thing.

"No, I suppose not," said Augusta. "Well, it's the old story; so old that I don't see why one should be surprised. You know, Walter and I have been everything to each other, but it wasn't a very bright look-out for him, and of course I expected he would marry some time or other, and I feel nearly sure that he could not have done better than he has," Miss Cleasby concluded; and then she took another long considering look at Christina.

There was something about her composed and kindly manner which would have prevented anyone from taking offence. Christina was proud, but her pride did not show itself in over-sensitiveness. She sat there tranquil and happy, with her brilliant eyes gazing far beyond external things into the bright future which was unfolding itself before her.

"And how will you like to make your home at Overton? Are you glad that Walter is settled here,—or would you have liked to go out and see the world?"

"It is a new world to me," said Christina, simply.

"Well, I suppose so," said Augusta. "Poor child, you must have had a dreary

existence: after all, I don't know that new places and external changes have much to do with constituting a really eventful life. We might see more, if we were to travel about in our own minds and a few other people's and study their intricate windings; and we should get into queer places too, I fancy, sometimes; but people think much more of getting over so many square miles, or of reading so many books, than of searching out a few fellow-creatures."

"I should hate to feel I was being studied just for some one's amusement," said Christina.

"Why should you? you can do the same by them,—it is a mutual advantage."

"I don't think so. I don't care to know about people at all, unless I like them."

"Ah, that is a very youthful creed," said Miss Cleasby. "You have yet to learn how dependent we are upon each other. You think that you could have done very well without me; but all the same it is better that we should be friends: and I am glad that you are so pretty!"

Christina was sitting still in her hat and feather, with her cloak a little thrown back, and her delicately made hands clasped together in her lap; and she was looking her prettiest, with the light in her eyes and her masses of brown hair hanging rather loosely about the lovely contour of her face. She was not the least embarrassed by Augusta's remark, for of course she knew quite well that she was beautiful; and it was only Captain Cleasby's acknowledgment of the fact which concerned her very much.

"I am glad too," she said, and laughed.

And after that, they drew together, as girls do draw together, and grew intimate, and talked happily for a little longer; and then Christina remembered her grandfather's dinner, and went away with a sense that something had been added to her life: she had known so few girls, and though Miss Cleasby was a good deal older than she was, they had

met, as it were, upon equal ground, and there was no reason why they should not be friends.

Captain Cleasby came in half an hour afterwards, and was more vexed than his sister thought natural at finding that he had missed Christina's visit. He only brightened into pleased interest when she spoke warmly in her praise and admired her beauty.

"I am so glad you have taken to her," he said; "I thought you could not help it. Did you ever see anything more perfect than her smile—it lights up her whole face: the suddenness of it is so peculiar, it comes with such a flash, and then fades away quite slowly. I knew if you had any prejudices left they must vanish when you saw more of her."

"The prejudices were not personal to her, Walter: and don't suppose that I have contrived to find out all about her already. I acknowledge her charm, of course, but I don't know any more than you do about her other qualities. Has she any education, or accomplishments, or money, or connection? I don't want to be discouraging; only I was wondering if you had thought any of these things worthy of your consideration."

"Certainly not," answered Captain Cleasby, quietly; "these things, my dear Augusta, are all very well in their way, but they are not what I require in my wife. Defend me from your scientific educational women, who are for ever forcing information down your throat, and think the arts of dress and conversation are quite beneath their notice. Christina understands what you mean before you have spoken; she throws a fresh light upon everything she looks at; she is not the least afraid of being ignorant, and doesn't know what moral cowardice is. I don't know what more you can want. As to accomplishments, of course she has never been in the way of them. The money would have been welcome enough if she had had it—it looks uncommonly like my being done out of my patrimony by these plausible gentlemen in London, who are for ever writing to me,

in that mystic tone peculiar to the profession of the law, about things I don't understand; and I have no particular fancy for love in a cottage—but she hasn't got it, so there is an end of the matter. I don't think even you would have supposed me qualified for an heiress-hunt. To begin with, I should never have had the energy."

"Nor the enthusiasm about your object. It has been your way to wait under the trees for the fruit to fall. If I am inclined to be sorry about it, it is not because of any mercenary designs that I have formed. As it is done, you know, I mean to like it; but still, I can't help thinking, why did you do it? what was it for? She was going to be married so comfortably to the Curate."

"For whom she didn't care a straw," interrupted her brother.

"I really don't see that that was our affair," said Augusta, disconsolately; "and now you have taken all the responsibility upon your shoulders,—you who know nothing really of what you are undertaking! You have known her four or five months; you have found out that she has a lovely smile and splendid eyes, and holds her head like seven duchesses—and so you make her throw over that nice, sensible curate for you!"

"Let that nice, sensible curate alone, my dear Augusta; he has fortitude enough for anything,—your mind runs too much upon him, and just now I want you to devote your whole attention to the hero and heroine of this little drama—that is to say, to me and Christina. For whose sake is it that you deplore our engagement, hers or mine?"

"It is just this, Walter," said Miss Cleasby, sitting upright with her hands clasped round her knees, and looking into the fire: "it is just this—that it is an unequal bargain. She was going to marry Mr. Warde, and she had a fair chance of happiness. I don't suppose they either of them cared much, but people marry on that sort of foundation every day, and mutual respect grows, and they shake down into each other's

ways, and no harm comes of it. That would have been all fair enough, and each side would have known what to expect. But see how different it is now. She loves you, poor child, and thinks you all that is heroic; and you have winning ways, Walter—"She stopped a moment, and looked at him as he stood before her leaning one arm upon the marble chimney-piece, with the glowing firelight full on his graceful figure and fair, distinguished face; and then she went on: "You have been making love to her, and she believes in it; but a delusion cannot last for ever, and when she finds out that she has made a mistake, how will it be? You cannot, do what you will, make the awakening other than bitter. She is in love with you, poor child, and I don't say it has been altogether your fault—I suppose there is sometimes a fatality about things; but how will it be when she finds you have married her out of pity, when all the time she was thinking that you loved her?"

Captain Cleasby was very cool and self-possessed, but he had still the sort of sensitiveness which made him colour at his sister's words. She was surprised as she noticed the sudden flush which rose to his face; and then he came and knelt down by her, and put his arms round her as he had been used to do in his caressing boyish days. His face was close to hers now, and he was looking full at her with his candid grey eyes.

"You think badly of me still, Gusty," he said almost coaxingly.

"Not badly, Walter, only I wish that you loved her."

"Upon my soul I do."

There was a silence: his words had carried conviction with them. They were earnest and even impassioned in their brevity. His sister did not speak in answer, but she took his face between her hands and kissed him.

CHAPTER XVI.

THAT same evening, after dinner, in spite of his sister's remonstrances, Captain Cleasby walked down the hill to the White House in the pouring rain. It

was blowing hard, and he was never very strong, or proof against a wetting, and she did all she could to keep him at home; but he laughed at her fears, said he must inquire after Mr. North, and would not be deterred.

He was putting on his coat in the hall, and humming "*Vedrai carino*" softly to himself, when the evening letters were brought in, but he only glanced at the business-like looking covers, and put his head in again at the drawing-room door to say—

"My dear Augusta, would it amuse you to open my letters and answer them for me? I don't want you to be dull, but I am afraid I shall not be back for an hour and more."

Then he tramped across the hall, and out into the driving storm, wondering a little at himself. He was naturally indolent and disinclined to exert himself either for his own advantage or for other people's: he was considerate and unwilling to give pain; his manners were gentle and courteous, and his affection for his sister deep and sincere. In general he was too indifferent as regarded other people to be either exacting or sensitive; his personal interests were not many; but, on the other hand, his toleration was almost universal. Hitherto there had been nothing for which he would willingly have made a great sacrifice; and now he was surprised at himself as he became conscious that a change had passed over him. Christina had awakened a new feeling within him: he had told his sister, and truly, that he loved her.

And it was new to him to feel that there was something of real consequence to him. It was not that he had hitherto been absorbed in his own ambition or gratification, for he was neither selfish nor ambitious; it was simply that nothing had appeared of much importance to him hitherto, and now life wore a new aspect: the view was widening; it was the same world upon which he looked, but it seemed larger, for he saw it with different eyes. As he had said to Christina, it was a new heaven and earth to him.

There was a light burning in Mr. North's study, and he thought that Christina would have heard his knock and would have come out to the door; but the house seemed very still, and it was Janet who came to let him in.

There was no welcome in Janet's face; but she asked him to walk into the parlour, and she would tell Miss North.

"Is she with her grandfather?" he asked; "perhaps I ought not to disturb her."

"No, she isn't with Mr. North," Janet answered rather crossly. Bernard had been her favourite, and she had guessed more than anyone else of what his hopes had been; and now she could not be gracious to his rival: and then she added, not without a certain grim satisfaction in dealing what she conceived would be a blow to his pride, that Miss Christina had been doing up some arrowroot for her grandfather's supper, and she had stopped by the kitchen fire to warm herself a bit.

"Oh! in the kitchen, is she?" said Walter: and then he laid his hand upon the handle of the door, and had shut it behind him, leaving the discomfited Janet in the passage outside, before she had time to make any remonstrance. She did not dare to follow, but went away grumbling into the back regions.

Christina was sitting on a low stool by the fire, with her head resting upon her hands. There were traces of tears upon her face, and her eyes looked sad and troubled. So absorbed was she in her own thoughts, that Captain Cleasby had come in and had stood for a moment looking at her before she was aware of his presence, and even when she saw him she did not seem for an instant to realize it. She gave him no greeting, but sat there, still looking at him half vacantly and half bewildered. It was the first time that Walter had not found everything give way to him; it was the first time that she had not brightened and flushed at his approach; and it gave him a slight unreasonable shock to find that she was capable of being so occupied, by something of which he knew nothing, as not to know that

he was in the room. Yet it was but an instant; the look of comprehension returned, and she started up with the exclamation, "Walter, is it you? I did not expect—I did not know you for the minute; I was thinking of something else."

"So I perceived," said Captain Cleasby; "and I walked in just at the right moment to call back your thoughts into their proper channel. Where have they been wandering?"

He spoke lightly, but, looking at her steadily as he spoke, he saw that again her eyes had filled with tears, and his tone changed in a moment.

"What is it, dearest?" he said fondly, kneeling down by her. "You know you have no secrets from me. What has been troubling you?"

"The ghosts of my faults, I think," she said. "Oh, Walter," she went on hurriedly, "I ought to have told you before. I thought of it, and then I seemed too happy to do anything which might break the charm. But I must say it now; no,"—as he would have spoken,—"I want to say it now—don't interrupt me—don't speak before you know." And then she stood up and drew herself away from him. "Before Mr. Warde spoke to me, before you came to Overton, I was engaged to be married to my cousin, Bernard Oswestry." She paused a moment; then, as he made no answer, she went on: "No one knew of it but ourselves; we did not expect to be able to marry for a long time, and grandpapa would not have liked it. It was not Bernard's fault that it was kept a secret—nothing has been his fault; it was all mine. I was very cruel to him. When I found I could not marry him, I could not write or do anything to make it better—and he heard it through his mother."

She had spoken distinctly, but rapidly and low; and now she paused to take breath, feeling as if she had made the revelation and taken the fatal step, and had nothing to do but to await the consequences. She had not known how much it would cost her. She had so

long accustomed herself to look upon her engagement to Bernard and her conduct towards him as something exclusively their own, that in the first bewilderment of her happiness, she had thought of him with a compassionate regret and deep self-reproach, without considering whether Captain Cleasby had not a right to be told of what had been between them, and without taking into account the effect that the knowledge might have upon him. Now for the first time she had felt herself moved to confession from the very consciousness of the fear which was strengthening itself each moment as to the issues of her confession.

That fear grew stronger as she waited for his answer;—it was pressing upon her heart and stifling more words. Could she a second time ask him for forgiveness? Could he be expected to forgive? Yet her attitude was not that of a suppliant. She stood erect; she did not look at him, but her eyes were not cast down. If he wished for freedom, he should be free. She would do nothing to make him think that she could not live without him—that she was trembling as she waited for his words.

"And when did this little episode take place?" he said coldly, breaking the silence.

"We were engaged a year ago,"—and she, too, spoke calmly.

"And when did you discover your inability to fulfil your engagement?"

She might have said that it was when she first knew him, when she first could no longer hope to give Bernard that for which he had waited, when she made up her mind that she could not go to him with a lie upon her lips. But something held her back, and she could not speak of this.

"We parted at the time I became engaged to Mr. Warde. I was at that time engaged to Bernard."

"You engaged yourself to Warde at the same time that you were promised to your cousin!" he said, roused to severity. "You did not even break with him first! and when you had been

bound to him for a year! I do not wish to ask what, perhaps, I have no right to know, what concerns him only, but how am I to understand you? I had thought, Christina, that you could not deceive; and now your past is so full of complications that I cannot comprehend it. I cannot reconcile you to your past."

Christina sat down wearily, but she made no answer. She could not frame excuses, nor put together extenuating circumstances.

"I could understand your engagement to Warde," he went on: "your grandfather wished it; you liked and respected him; there was nothing to draw you back, there was no call to deceive, there was everything to make you think it a duty to accept him; and when I had spoken, you could no longer hold to that, and everything altered by no fault of your own. But then, how am I to understand your breaking with your cousin? Had you no heart to see what you were doing? Why should you have deliberately wrecked the poor boy's happiness?"

Her whole being, mental and physical, was strained to the effort to abstain from tears. She would not move him by any cry or sign of weakness; she would not, if she could help it, even plead in her own defence. As of old, her pride and independence kept her silent.

"Have I been hard?" he said. "If I have, remember why, Christina. Remember it is because to me it is everything to know that I have not trusted you in vain. I do not want to be hard to you, but I must know; you must tell me that I may trust you, and then I will ask you no more about the past. Put your hands in mine, Christina, and say, 'Walter, I am true'—then I ask no more."

"I am, I am,—I meant to be," she said through her tears which could no longer be repressed.

"Then why did you get into these entanglements?" he said, more softly, keeping the hands which she had held out to him still clasped in his. "Or

am I to keep my promise and ask no more?"

"You may ask," she said; "it is only of me that you can hear any harm. Bernard was everything that was most generous and straightforward. He had wished it—he had thought of it for a long time; and at first he could not—but now he has forgiven me."

"Christina," he said, earnestly, "what I want to know is this—Did you love either of these men?"

"No, I never did—never. I thought I cared for Bernard; I did care for him, and I thought I could be happy with him—but never in that way. He was always good to me,—but no, I never did."

"Then why did you promise to marry him? and why did you break that promise?"

"I did not know when I promised; and then, when I found I could not care for him in the way he wished, I could not tell him, and I could not keep my promise."

"And so you accepted Warde as a pretext and a way out of the difficulty," said Walter, slowly, as if a light had dawned upon him. "My poor child, you have gone through a great deal for me."

"I could not help it," she said, softly. "I mean I could not have helped the pain to myself; but I could have helped doing wrong. I could have kept from hurting others—and I did not do it. I am sorry," she said, "I am sorry; but I think I shall be forgiven now Bernard has forgiven me. They had just brought me his letter before you came;" and she held it out to him.

"No, Christina," he said, putting it gently aside; "no—that was written only for you; it lies between you and him. I understand it all now, and we need not think any more of the past. But you will allow, my dear Christina," he added, with the rapid transition from earnestness to levity, which was one of his characteristics, "you will allow that the second revelation might naturally have a rather startling effect until one

had got at the key to it. I am not afraid, for I know I have you safe; but shall you be sorry to say good-bye to your girlhood, with its freedom and its excitements?"

She shook her head and smiled. Half an hour after he lingered with her by the broad kitchen hearth, whilst the candles burnt lower in the sockets, and the fire flamed and crackled, and the light was reflected in the shining pots upon the shelves, and the shadows changed their places on the wall; and outside, the wind swept round the corners of the house, and rushed rustling through the creepers. Then the clock struck nine, and he knew that he must go, for it was time for Christina to read to her grandfather.

"Oh, Walter, how stormy it is!" she said; but yet she came to let him out herself.

"No, no," he said, putting her back; "the rain and wind will rush in the moment the door is opened. And one word more, Christina: remember I have nothing to forgive; all that is over. We shall each have something to forgive, perhaps, before long—and then who knows but my shortcomings may outweigh yours. Good-night, my queen. Are you afraid for the future?"

"No!" she said; "no!" and felt, for some reason, as if she were making a promise that, come what might, she would not shrink: but yet what cause had she for fear? It was only that we cannot build except upon what is, and upon what has been,—what is to come must ever be mysterious and uncertain.

He opened the door, and the blast, laden with heavy drops of rain, rushed through the narrow passage: yet she did not shut the door, but stood looking out into the darkness until his footsteps died away.

Miss Cleasby was at her writing-table when he re-entered his drawing-room, with some papers laid out before her, and she did not at once turn to him, nor show any solicitude at his having got wet.

"Well, Gusty," he said, throwing himself carelessly into an arm-chair,

"you seem still in the toils of composition. Were the letters very interesting?"

"They were more than interesting," said Augusta, turning round. "Walter, what have you been thinking of all this time? Here is Mr. Waltham writing to you about some interest that has to be paid at once. What does it all mean? What is the difficulty of your coming into your property? He writes as if there were all sorts of difficulties rising up. What can be the reason that you, as papa's heir and his only son, should not inherit his property without all these law difficulties? I know there were debts, but I thought that would make no difference."

"So old Waltham has been writing again, has he?" said Captain Cleasby; "I had no idea I was so soon to be honoured by another communication, or you may be very sure, my dear Augusta, that I would not have troubled you with it. Here—give me the letters, and don't worry yourself about it. I suppose you knew there were debts, and now they have to be paid off, that's all,—and I shan't be quite so rich a man as I might have been."

"Well, I suppose you know about as much about it as I do—that is to say, next to nothing. I do wish, Walter, you would write to Uncle Robert, or consult some one. Here, you see, Mr. Waltham is going out of town for some weeks, so I suppose it is not much use going to him."

"No, thank goodness!" said Walter, glancing at the letter; "now I shall have a little peace and quiet. At least three weeks before I need think of London, or lawyers, or settlements!"

Thus it was that he put the matter aside, and, though his sister continued anxious, she knew that it was of no use to press him further. And in the sunshiny, peaceful time which followed, she, too, almost forgot that there were any clouds upon the horizon.

Christina North had known happiness before. In the midst of her dreary girlhood there had been days and weeks in which she could forget her cares and

troubles in the natural and spontaneous happiness of youth, in a passing enthusiasm, or in glimpses of something higher and more lasting; but *this* happiness she had never known. The quiet September sunshine seemed to have found its way into her heart. She was softened and repentant, but having made free confession, memory could no longer weigh her down by the burthen of an unforgiven past; she could never undo what she had done; she could never restore what she had taken away; but remorse had given way to penitence, and the oppressiveness and the dread had left her.

The delay in the settlement of Captain Cleasby's affairs would involve the postponement of their marriage, but at this time they neither of them remembered to regret it. In the freshness of each succeeding dawn; in the awakening to recollections of the past day as bright as the thoughts of the day to come; in the morning spent at the Park, sometimes on the lawn, sometimes in the library over the books; in the afternoons when they loitered in the lanes, or Captain Cleasby and his sister sketched whilst Christina looked on; in the soft hour of autumn twilight, and the long evenings which Walter would spend in Mr. North's study, devoting himself to amuse and interest the old man,—in all this, what room was there for regret?

There was nothing to disturb the peace, or throw a shadow over the happiness of the time. Walter was gentle and devoted, and Christina trusted him entirely. She was neither cultivated nor accomplished, but her quickness in apprehending what was put before her, and in grasping new ideas, charmed and interested him. His education, although desultory, had not been narrow, and his mind, though somewhat indolent, was of a speculative and intellectual type; in his sister he had been accustomed to find a congenial intellectual companion and an equal antagonist; so that it had not been without reason that she had feared that in marrying a girl incapable of appreciating his tastes

or entering into his interests, he might have found much to miss and to desire. But with Christina she now saw that this would never be the case. She was ignorant, of course, but then she was not in the least ashamed of her ignorance, and she was quite ready to form her own opinions and to maintain them; and her readiness and freshness were such as to surprise and interest anyone. Indeed, the flaw in the connection between her and Walter had always been that he looked upon her as an interesting study and as a charming picture, rather than as one whose dependence on him involved grave responsibilities, and upon whose human and immortal nature his influence for good and evil, for sorrow or happiness, was seriously powerful. He liked to use his power, he liked to bring out new expressions, and to watch her varied moods; he liked to put new things before her, and to watch her as fresh lights burst upon her, and unaccustomed subjects were brought to view; but as yet he was apt to regard her as a plaything (precious beyond all else), living and moving, and responsive to his touch, but still a plaything, and, as such, to be loved and cared for.

It was the one thing which his sister would have liked to alter; and it did not affect Christina, for she was unconscious of it. She could have held back nothing: she had given herself; her contentment was perfect, and her confidence complete. She believed what he had told her, and was neither unsatisfied nor exacting.

So those weeks were free from all misunderstandings or quarrels, and as uneventful as happiness could make them.

People were sorry for Mr. Warde; and at first there was much surprise expressed when Captain Cleasby's engagement to Christina became known; but after a time it began to be said that certainly it was for the best. She was evidently unsuited for a clergyman's wife; and, after all, Captain Cleasby's age was more suitable to hers. She ought to have known her own mind sooner, but

then she was young, and, no doubt, had been pressed into accepting Mr. Warde; or at any rate it seemed that she really cared for this young man, as she had held to him against her grandfather, who, as everyone knew, was such a fierce old man, that most people were quite afraid of him.

Good-natured people, who tried to make the best of things, talked in this way when the matter was discussed; and others, who were more disposed to be hard upon Christina, made up their minds that it would be for their interest to continue upon good terms with the Cleasbys, since their house would be a pleasant one, and their dinner-parties an enlivenment to the neighbourhood. They said also that Christina could not have been so very much in fault, or Mr. Warde would not have still continued to be a constant visitor at the White House.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was quite true that, as the neighbours remarked, Mr. Warde continued to keep up a constant and friendly intercourse with the Norths. Indeed, just at this time, when Mr. North was still so far from well, his visits to the White House were even more frequent than usual. He did not seek Christina, but they met occasionally, as was natural, and his manner was always the same kindly and even affectionate one, and so entirely free from any resentment or embarrassment, that she could almost forget, while in his presence, that their present friendly relations had ever undergone a change. She was grateful to him, and she felt that he had had cause for resentment; but she could not help thinking that he had by this time found out that their engagement had been a mistake on his side as well as upon hers, and she would not join in her mother's compassionate laments over him.

"No, he *was* very much to be pitied," she said; "but that was when he was engaged to me. I know it was very kind of him, and he had a right to be very angry; but at the same time there is no

reason to pity him, because he is free. We should never have been happy."

Her mother did not agree with her; and, strange as it may seem, though she did not share her father-in-law's violent prejudices, she was almost as averse to Christina's engagement as he was himself. She could not disabuse herself of the idea that it could not and would not prosper. Captain Cleasby might mean well, but who could tell what might not happen to make him change his mind? It had been so sudden, and she could not trust him as she trusted Mr. Warde. She valued riches, and position, and the good things of the world; she would have rejoiced that Christina should have had them in moderation; but the idea of her becoming the mistress of the Park was to her mother's mind so unnatural as to seem almost impossible. She had understood Mr. Warde, but she could not understand Captain Cleasby; thus it was that Mrs. North refused to be satisfied. Christina had thrown away what she considered her best chance of happiness, and she would not be persuaded that it would not have been for his good also; and as to his being relieved at her playing him false, how could she know anything about it? A man could not grow pale and thin, and bemoan himself like a girl!

"Nor can he come and say, 'You disappointed me at the time, but after all I believe I do much better without you,'" Christina had answered, rather impatiently: and then she went away and the conversation was broken off; but Mrs. North remained unconvinced.

As has been said, Overton generally had reconciled itself to Christina's inconstancy, and the Rector's looks and manners were just what they always had been, and were not at all such as to excite compassion. He was very busy, and he went about his work among his parishioners in his energetic cheerful way, setting his mind to solve their practical difficulties and supply their physical wants, as if he had no cares or regrets of his own to claim precedence. He was glad to be of any use or comfort to his old friend Mr. North; and he

would not shrink from going to the Park when the occasion offered.

Owing to General Cleasby's long absence, there were many improvements in the parish still required, to which he, as the Squire, ought, as Mr. Warde conceived, to have attended long ago. The church was badly lighted; the schools needed enlargement; cottages were falling into ruin; subscriptions were needed. Captain Cleasby, too careless to be illiberal, had hitherto responded to the various calls upon him, and now there were several points upon which Mr. Warde desired to ask his advice and his help. He was too simple and straightforward, he had the interests of his flock too much at heart, to be deterred by any false shame or personal resentment. Captain Cleasby had gained what he had lost: in one sense he had been vanquished; but he felt that it was no dishonour to him to be vanquished; and as to Captain Cleasby, he did not attract him, certainly, but yet he wished that Christina might be happy with him.

Captain Cleasby on his part had no cause for resentment. There had always been to his mind something a little ludicrous about his engagement to Christina: it had disturbed him at the time; it had exercised a strong influence upon his conduct; but when once his fears were relieved, he was disposed to look upon it with some amusement, as a preposterous and impossible scheme which could never have been accomplished.

He smiled when he was told Mr. Warde had called to see him, and went into the drawing-room somewhat interested to see how he would bear himself.

He liked him, and he was disposed to be friendly; but hitherto there had been on his part a slight sense of superiority over the unpolished country clergyman: it vanished as he remarked the dignified simplicity of his manner, and noticed how naturally and easily he responded to his cordial greeting.

They talked for some time of different things,—of the poor, of education, of the country and the neighbours; and

then Mr. Warde brought out his plans and estimates, and made his request for a subscription.

"I am especially anxious about the lighting of the church," he said. "If we could have an evening service, I feel sure we could command a good congregation. They like the lights and the warmth, and the mothers can come after the children are gone to bed; many people would attend whom we cannot get to come in the mornings or afternoons."

"But from what motives? I know nothing about these things, but it would not have occurred to me that gas-lights and stoves were fitted to create devotion."

"They are aids," said Mr. Warde seriously. "There are not many people, I fancy, whose motives are altogether unmixed——" He broke off suddenly as Miss Cleasby came in. She had been out riding, and she came in in her hat, with a whip in her hand, and closely followed by her black retriever.

It was the first time that she had chanced to meet Mr. Warde since her brother's engagement, and her usually pale complexion was heightened as she shook hands with him. She was too self-possessed, however, to betray in any other way the touch of shyness she felt under what she conceived must be to him embarrassing circumstances.

"I hope I'm not interrupting anything," she said; "you both of you look most decidedly parochial, sitting among blue business papers. I hope Walter is more civil to you than he is to me, Mr. Warde; he always tramples upon me if I venture to ask questions which have any practical bearing."

"Theory is a much prettier thing than practice," said Walter, lazily.

"But a theory is only tested by its result," said the clergyman; "it seems to me it loses its interest if it cannot be made to act."

"Of course it does," said Augusta; "and Walter will not understand that my interest in things is beginning to awaken. I think I have philanthropic tendencies, only they are undeveloped,

and I am beginning to comprehend the duties which belong to the Squire's sister. I gave an old man a flannel waistcoat yesterday, and to-day three old men came and asked for three more."

"I am sorry," said Mr. Warde hastily; "I am afraid your kindness may be imposed upon."

"Oh no!" said Augusta, composedly; "they were most deserving cases, and so grateful; but, unfortunately, dear Don, who did not of course know what deserving old men they were, and who, like his mistress, has a rooted dislike to poverty, nearly murdered one of them as he was going away."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Warde, a little taken aback by her manner; "do you mean the man was seriously hurt?"

"He was; but he recovered when I gave him half-a-crown and begged his pardon. Really, if people are respectable, they should not go about looking like vagrants. Don is the most intelligent dog I know, but even he was taken in by the man's appearance."

"An appearance probably none the less ragged for the prospect of the flannel waistcoat before him," said Mr. Warde drily; "but, Miss Cleasby, if you are really anxious to do something for the people, you may be of the greatest service. There are so many parts of the work which can be better done by a lady than by a man, and we have so little assistance of the kind:" and for the first time he hesitated, remembering how recently he had hoped to have Christina's help.

"I shall be very happy," began Augusta; and then she caught her brother's eye and could not help laughing. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Warde," she said, "but my brother, I see, thinks it absurd for me to make promises. You see, we have never been brought up to this sort of thing. If the people want to be fed and clothed, I can understand it—and if you will send them up here for soup and blankets, I shall be very glad—but when it comes to talking to them, it is beyond me. I was very much edified by those pious old men this morning, and then

you come and throw suspicion upon their veracity, and seem to think that Don's well-meant interference was not uncalled for. Then, if I am to do the talking, instead of listening humbly to what they tell me, it is still more perplexing—you might as well set me to talk to Hottentots in their own language!"

"That declaration has at any rate the merit of sincerity," said Captain Cleasby.

"I am sorry to hear it," said Mr. Warde. "It seems to me that whatever raises a barrier between classes is both sad and culpable. How can you expect the poor to respect your wishes and your interest when you look upon them as another order of beings?"

"I never thought about them," said Augusta, as if excusing herself; "I don't look upon them as anything at all."

"That is your mistake," he said; but though he was very much in earnest, his gravity relaxed a little.

"Yes, you say it is our mistake," said Captain Cleasby; "but can you tell us why and how it should be otherwise? We do not need to be told that to you your duties are full of interest; but can you say what constitutes the bond of union? You baptize their children, you marry and bury them, but what is there beyond?" It was not so much the desire to be instructed which made him ask the question—he could himself have answered it in a dozen different ways—but he wanted to hear what the man would say for himself: his sphere had been narrow enough, and he had no great opinion of his abilities; but he was so different from the people with whom he was accustomed to exchange ideas, that he was curious to hear what he would say.

"They are my flock," said Mr. Warde; "they are human beings with immortal souls."

"You are better than we are," said Augusta, softly.

And though Mr. Warde's manner of speech sounded rather strange to them both, there was something that impressed

them in the ardent truthfulness of his answer. Soon after Walter was called away, but Mr. Warde sat a little longer with his sister.

"Perhaps I may reform in time," she said, as he took leave, "and come and hear your little boys their multiplication tables, when I have learnt them myself; but I feel rather discouraged by your condemnation of my first little effort in the path of active benevolence: I thought at least my poor flannel waistcoats could do no harm, and I was so glad to find they were so pleased with them—and now it seems they are nothing but a temptation."

"The intention at least was praiseworthy," said Mr. Warde, as he opened the door.

"He talks to me as if I were a little girl making a blot on my first copy!" said Augusta to herself. She was amused, but yet she liked him; it was curious, but it was impressive, to see a man who had so little of the hero or of the conventional saint about him, yet whose whole course of life was one of self-denying effort for the good of his fellow-creatures. She felt that all his energies were directed into that channel, and that they had not been without fruit even in the sentiments of respect that they had awakened in her own mind. "It does one good to look up to something worth looking up to," she said to herself; and she was pleased to find that she was capable of appreciating such worth with so little of sentiment or external charm attached to it.

At this time she had bestowed little attention upon the consideration of her own future. Walter had asked her to make her home with them, but she would not. She declared that they would be better without her, and she would not consent to be in their way. No; she had several long-postponed visits to pay, and then she would look about for some little cottage where she could settle near them. She liked to have a home of her own, and she would have ample means to enable her to live comfortably, and to receive her guests, and she would not, after all, be at home

for much of the year. She had so many friends who wanted her to come to them,—but she would not be dependent on anyone. So she said, and her brother at last agreed with her. Of course she could not be to Christina what she was to him, and those complicated family arrangements he allowed were often mistakes. So it was settled; indeed, if she had been at all inclined to be jealous, she might already have become so. Christina was naturally his first thought. The long mornings he had been used to spend with his sister were devoted to her; the discussion of present affairs and future plans was often cut short; and although he was kind and gentle as ever, of course she felt the difference. But by no word or look would she show that she felt it: she rejoiced in their happiness, and would not do anything to mar it; she even made friendly advances to Mr. North. Unknown to him, everything that could possibly tempt his failing appetite was sent to him from the Park. She told Christina she had fallen in love with her Aunt Margaret, only she wished that handsome son of hers would come home; and, finally, she gave a large dinner-party, a thing which she particularly detested, in order to introduce Christina to the neighbourhood, and show how cordially she accepted her as a sister-in-law. Mrs. North sent her with Mrs. Oswestry, making the excuse that she could not leave her father-in-law for so long a time. In fact, poor woman, she dreaded making her appearance among them all after so many years of seclusion; and her dresses were old-fashioned and shabby. But Christina never thought of these things; her mother said she believed, if she was asked to meet the Queen, she would not be afraid of doing anything wrong, or of not saying the right things; and as for her dress at this dinner at the Park, she merely remarked that Walter liked her crimson ribbons, and seemed to think the matter ended there, though even Miss Cleasby had taken the trouble

to wonder if she had any evening dress. However, Mrs. North's fears and laments reaching Mrs. Oswestry's ears, were soon after silenced by the arrival of a white silk dress of her own, worn once during her six months of married life, and then laid aside for ever.

Mrs. North exclaimed at its beauty, and set to work to adapt it with almost cheerful alacrity. She would dress Christina with her own hands when the evening came; and as she looked at her daughter standing before her with the robes of shining silk falling around her graceful figure, and the crimson knots of ribbon in her waves of brown hair, and the smile of happy anticipation upon her parted lips, it seemed as if for the first time she was able to take a mother's pride in her beauty.

"It might have been different, Christina," she said; "you are only going to what should have been your home, but it does not matter as much now; and whoever they may have there, there will be no one to compare with you to-night."

"Why, mother, it is nothing but my fine clothes," said Christina, laughing a little as she kissed her.

Then she went in to her grandfather, and he too looked at her with pleasure and pride.

"Good-night, grandpapa," she said; "you will miss your reading to-night, but you won't mind, will you? because I shall be able to tell you all about everything to-morrow."

"I don't know about hearing about everything, as you call it," said Mr. North. "I'm not too fond of hearing of all the silliness that goes on in the world; but I suppose you like it, and so I'm pleased that you should go and see what it's like for yourself. Dust and ashes look very pretty at a distance sometimes, I know."

"Yes, grandpapa," said Christina, standing at the door just before she turned to go; "yes, but it's too soon to talk of dust and ashes. Even you will let me have a little pleasure first, won't you, grandpapa?"

To be continued.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF HOSPITALS.

BY W. FAIRLIE CLARKE, M.A., M.B.

THE abuse of Hospitals is a subject which has attracted much attention of late, and it may not be uninteresting to our readers if we consider wherein this abuse consists, and what remedies can be proposed for it. Those who are conversant with the management of hospitals and dispensaries, know that it has frequently been urged that their bounty is bestowed upon unsuitable recipients. It is said that some persons apply to our medical charities who are in a position to pay an ordinary practitioner; and it is stated also, that many more avail themselves of the liberality of those institutions than can properly be called the "really indigent," or the "necessitous poor."

That these assertions are founded on fact there can, I think, be no doubt. The experience of every hospital surgeon and physician will bear me out in saying, that among the patients there are a few who are altogether above the level of charity, and a large number who could well provide attendance for themselves, if there were among us a wide-spread and well-regulated system of medical relief upon the principle of mutual assurance.

The abuse of hospitals consists, then, in this, that whereas they have been founded by the liberality of our forefathers, or are supported by the voluntary contributions of the present generation, for the relief of those sick persons who are unable to obtain medical attendance in the ordinary way, they are to a large extent frequented by those who could well afford to pay something for themselves. Thus the public alms are diverted from the really needy, and bestowed upon those for whom they were never intended; while the recipients obtain, as a matter of charity, that

which they ought to secure for themselves on a recognized principle of business.

These abuses are almost confined to the out-door department. The in-door department is, I believe, a very pure as well as a very valuable form of charity, and one which is liable to very little abuse. I should wish it, therefore, to be clearly understood, that in what follows I am speaking only of out-patients.

If, then, the out-door departments of our hospitals and dispensaries are liable to considerable abuse, and if by the introduction of a better system this abuse could be remedied, it certainly behoves us to give earnest heed to the question; for the evil of which we complain has now reached a degree which is very serious and menacing. Few persons perhaps are aware of the enormous number of individuals who make no provision whatever against a time of sickness, but who turn at once to the hospital or dispensary for the relief of every ailment, however slight or trivial.

In order to form an estimate of this number, I have gone carefully through the returns given in the "Medical Directory," and where I was unable to obtain the information which I sought in this manner, I put myself in communication with the secretaries of the hospitals themselves. Thus it will be seen that my statistics were derived from the most reliable sources. Here let me say, once for all, that the figures which I shall lay before the reader represent individuals, and not visits or attendances. As far as possible I have endeavoured to avoid fallacies, and to present a fair estimate of the number of persons in the metropolis who annually obtain gratuitous medicine and advice from the medical charities.

I find then, that in 1870 the out-patients treated at sixteen general hospitals were 637,716; at thirty-three free dispensaries, 413,672; and at forty-two special hospitals and dispensaries, 261,529; making a total of 1,312,917. This is exclusive of thirteen hospitals and dispensaries—some of them considerable institutions—which give no return, and of course it is exclusive also of those who are assisted by the medical service of the Poor Law.

Before I mentioned these figures I said that I had tried, as far as possible, to avoid fallacies. But it may be said, and said truly, that there are some sources of error which it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to eliminate. For example, it may be urged that some of these figures represent persons who have come up from the country; others, persons who have been entered two or three times during the year for different illnesses; while others, again, may have been attending more than one hospital. To allow for these cases, let us say that the total of out-patients in 1870 in the metropolis was one million. But, in case it should be objected that this deduction of 312,000 is not enough, we can well afford to go a step further; because, if it be admitted, for the sake of argument, that the total should be placed as low as 820,000, it would still form about a quarter of the population of London, which was ascertained by the Census of 1871 to be 3,251,804, *i.e.* it would show that one person in four is receiving medical relief as a matter of charity.

Now, it is difficult to think that our social state is so bad, that our national trade and industry are at so low an ebb, that one-fourth of the population of our great capital belongs to that class for whose relief the hospitals and dispensaries are carried on.

To some of my readers these figures may seem almost incredible. I may, therefore, in confirmation of them, refer to a paper which was read before the Statistical Society by Dr. Guy, in December 1855. Though our conclusions are in perfect harmony, they were drawn

upon a different principle and from independent investigations. Anyone who is interested in the subject will find in Dr. Guy's paper many details most carefully worked out. I can only give here a single extract, which shows that sixteen years ago the writer considered the state of things to be most unsatisfactory, and assuredly it has not improved since that date. After proving that at the particular hospital which forms the basis of his calculation, a third of the whole population of two adjoining parishes applies for medical relief every year, he goes on to say:—

“It must be self-evident, in the first place, that the great bulk of the applicants cannot be poor persons in the proper acceptance of that term. It is quite out of the question that in the heart of the metropolis of a wealthy nation making provision by a system of Poor Laws for the destitute portion of its population, one-third or two-fifths of the inhabitants of one parish should be found in such a state of want as to be proper objects of gratuitous aid in sickness. Some considerable class of persons, other than the poor and destitute, must apply to these charities in very large numbers; and that class can be no other than the class of working men. How is this large attendance to be accounted for on any other supposition than that the whole body of working men, their wives and families, or at least a very considerable proportion of them, frequent our hospitals and dispensaries, even when not driven to do so by want of employment or previous exhaustion of their resources. The men who are out of work, with their wives and children, could not possibly supply so large a number of patients.”¹

But this is not all: not only have the numbers attending the out-patient departments reached this enormous figure, but the rate at which the increase has proceeded is very serious. This will be evident to the reader when I put before him the following facts:—I applied to most of the hospitals (with the exception

¹ *Journal of the Statistical Society*, vol. xix. p. 23 (1856).

of the Lunatic Asylums and Lying-in Institutions) which were in operation before 1830, in order to find out the numbers of their out-patients in that year. I addressed myself to the following Hospitals:—St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's, Guy's, the London, the Middlesex, St. George's, the Westminster, the Moorfields' Ophthalmic, and the Royal Hospital, City Road, for Diseases of the Chest, as well as to my own hospital of Charing Cross. From all I received courteous replies, but Guy's and the Middlesex were unable to give reliable information. At the eight others the total of out-patients in 1830 was 46,435; in 1869 it had risen to 277,891. During these thirty-nine years the population of the metropolis had a little more than doubled, while the attendance at these hospitals had multiplied more than five-fold. And it must be borne in mind, that during this period many fresh hospitals had been founded.

But it will make the rate of increase still more apparent if I add, that at the same eight hospitals there were, in 1870, 43,368 more out-patients than in 1869. I have confined myself to the above-named hospitals, simply because they were the only institutions of the kind which were in operation in 1830. But if I had been minded to select examples in which the increase from 1869 to 1870 had been the greatest, I might have made my figures still more striking. As six of these hospitals are general and two special, I think they may fairly be taken as a specimen of the whole.

From what has been said the reader will have obtained some idea of the vast number of individuals who annually flock to our hospitals, and of the rate at which this number is advancing. Indeed, this rate of increase so far outstrips the proportion which it ought to bear to the increase of population, that one cannot help fearing that the lower middle-class is losing its independence and self-respect, and becoming gradually pauperized. Is it well that such a state of things should continue? Are we acting wisely in encouraging those to resort

to hospitals in ever-increasing numbers who are quite above the level of the struggling poor? Can it have any other than a demoralizing effect to accustom the well-to-do artisan to lean upon others, and to make the great mass of the industrious poor "objects of charity?"

But it may be asked, how are we to discriminate between those who are and those who are not fit applicants? How are we to reject the one without bearing hardly upon the other? And where are those persons to obtain medical assistance, who, though they might be very willing to pay something for medicine and attendance, and who even feel a reluctance in seeking charity, are yet unable to afford the lowest scale of fees charged by general practitioners?

These questions, I admit, are difficult. Probably no system of inquiry would suffice to classify the applicants with entire accuracy. Doubtful cases might very properly be referred for investigation to some such agency as the Charity Organization Society; and if this were done in a few instances, it would have a deterrent effect upon many. But with regard to the remainder, which includes many who would gladly pay something for themselves, and who use the hospital for lack of any system of medical relief which is within their means, I would meet the evil by setting up the counter-good. I would endeavour to discourage dependence by giving facilities for being self-reliant.

This can only be done by a large extension of the provident principle—the principle which underlies both Benefit Clubs and Provident Dispensaries, and which consists in making provision for a time of distress by small but continuous payments. The most widely spread and best known of these means of self-help for the working man are the Benefit Clubs. I suppose there is scarcely a town or village of any importance in which there is not such a club; and it may be asked, why do not these suffice to meet the requirements of the case? To this I reply that, for the most part, they receive only *men*. Very few indeed make any provision for women and

children, and yet it is these who most frequently require medical assistance. Again, there are some trades, which are injurious to health or dangerous to life, which are altogether excluded. And again, many clubs, at least in the metropolis, have no medical man attached to them, but send their members to the nearest hospital or dispensary. This I know to be the case even with clubs which have a large accumulated capital. Thus they become direct agents of pauperism, instead of being means of independence.

It seems evident, then, that the Benefit Club, as at present constituted, is quite inadequate to supply the link that is wanting between the general practitioner and the hospital. It remains for us to consider the Provident Dispensary; and here, I believe, we shall find the agency best suited to the requirements of the day.

Most of my readers are probably familiar with the idea of a provident dispensary. It is an institution which receives all comers—men, women, young persons, and children alike—who, by small but regular payments, secure for themselves medical attendance and medicine when they are ill. It is, in fact, a kind of mutual assurance against sickness, conducted in part on a commercial footing, but at present needing to be supplemented by the donations of the charitable. Such institutions as these were originated about forty years ago, and they have been tried in various parts of the country as well as in the metropolis. They have attained their greatest success in the manufacturing districts, but in country towns and rural villages they appear to have supplied an acknowledged want. Let me give a few examples to show how readily the class for whom they are intended—and it is strictly limited—is to avail itself of them. Derby has a population of 61,300, and it has two provident dispensaries, which together include 6,000 members. Here, then, one in ten finds the provident dispensary suited to his or her necessities. Coventry has a population of 41,300; its provident dispensary numbers 5,000 members, that is to say

about one in eight of the inhabitants. Northampton has a population of 50,700. The enrolled members of its provident dispensary are 6,000, or again about one in eight. Leamington has a population of 22,700. The members of its provident dispensary are 3,585, or about one in seven.

We see then that in these towns, where provident dispensaries are within reach of the working classes, from one-tenth to one-seventh of the population avail themselves of them. And the reports of these institutions prove that they are yearly becoming more and more popular amongst those for whom they are designed.

Now let us turn to London, and see what is the state of things here.

As we have said, provident dispensaries are not unknown in the metropolis. At the present time there are about a dozen in operation; but they have not succeeded so well as their promoters could have wished. How are we to account for this comparative failure? I do not think we have far to seek for its cause. They have been placed in such undue competition with the hundred and one medical charities, that they have in truth never had a fair trial. When there were free hospitals on every side eager to receive him, it was scarcely in human nature that the artisan should volunteer to pay for what he could easily obtain for nothing. The total number of members enrolled in provident dispensaries in London is only about 25,000, whereas if they bore the same proportion to the population as we have seen they do in Northampton and Coventry, there would be more than 400,000. In Derby, a manufacturing town, there are two provident dispensaries for a population of 61,300; in Leamington, a watering-place and country town, there is one for 22,700; from which we gather that they can flourish when in the proportion of one to about 25,000 inhabitants. If London were to be equally well supplied, there should be 120 instead of only the eleven or twelve which at present exist.

I do not know how these figures may

strike the reader, but to me it seems quite refreshing to find, in these days of multitudinous charities, that there is good reason to suppose that those who have hitherto sought gratuitous advice would willingly pay something for medical attendance, and that thus such institutions as the free dispensaries, which have hitherto been purely eleemosynary, might be made almost, if not quite, self-supporting, and that without detriment to the really poor, who would still find ample opportunities of relief in the out-patient departments of hospitals.

I have now explained what I believe to be *one* remedy for the abuse of hospitals. I have mentioned the good which I would set up in order to overcome the evil. From what has been said, it is evident that if the artisan or the needlewoman in London wishes to be self-reliant, and to provide, when they are well, for good medical attendance in time of sickness, it is not easy for them to do so. In a population of three millions and a quarter, what are eleven or twelve provident dispensaries? They must be multiplied tenfold before they can be brought within the reach, or even the knowledge, of many who would welcome their assistance. We are glad, therefore, to hear that the committees of several of the free dispensaries are turning their attention to the provident system, and that one or two have already determined to adopt it.

But, it may be asked, why should there be any charitable element in these provident dispensaries? Can they not be made entirely self-supporting? In time we may confidently expect that such will be the case; but at present there are two reasons which make it impossible. First, no statistics of health are in existence upon which an actuary could base the calculations necessary for a complete system of mutual assurance against sickness. And, secondly, work-people must become much more habituated to provident dispensaries than they now are, before they will enroll themselves in sufficient numbers to make mutual assurance possible on anything like the present terms.

From what has been said of the numbers who have enrolled themselves where provident dispensaries are in active operation, it seems clear that they meet the wants of the well-to-do poor. Some, however, may be disposed to inquire whether they are equally acceptable to the medical profession. My answer is, that they are advocated by the entire medical press, which reflects the general opinion of the profession; and that those medical men who are the most intimately acquainted with their working, are among their warmest supporters. Indeed, they seem to offer a means of carrying on practice among the humbler ranks of society, which has several advantages. It induces the poor to apply for advice at the first onset of disease, and it relieves the medical man from the painful consciousness, which he now so often feels, that his patients are incurring a debt which may be a millstone round their necks for years to come. In fact, on many accounts, the system is remarkably well suited to the higher social status and advanced scientific education of the medical profession at the present day.

It may be asked, would not an injury be done to the medical schools if the number of patients attending the hospitals were curtailed? Is not a large supply of cases necessary in order to afford a constant succession of such as are available for clinical teaching? This is, no doubt, a very important question, so far as it relates to the eleven hospitals to which schools are attached. But it has little or no bearing upon the great majority of medical charities which take no part in the training of students. So far as the schools are concerned, I reply that it is admitted on all hands that the out-patient waiting-rooms are overcrowded with trivial cases. Under a better system we might hope that many of these would be attended at the provident dispensaries. Thus the out-patient physicians and surgeons would have more leisure to devote to their pupils, and a diminution of numbers would rather tend to increase the efficiency of the schools. At the same

time, the necessitous poor themselves—the proper clients, as I maintain, of the out-patient departments—would be the gainers; for in the present throng of applicants there is reason to fear that it is impossible for all to obtain the attention which their cases deserve. I may further explain that it has been proposed that provident dispensaries should be affiliated to the general and special hospitals of the neighbourhood. In this way a patient would receive at the provident dispensary attendance in all ordinary sickness, against which he might fairly be expected to provide; while in case of serious accident or dangerous illness, he might be admitted to the hospital, not so much as a matter of charity, as on an organized system, and as one of the collateral advantages which he had secured for himself by his provident payments. In this way, the highest medical and surgical skill would be brought to bear upon the poor in the time of their real necessity, while the medical schools would be supplied with a continuous series of important cases.

Before leaving this subject, I may mention that it has been suggested that the Poor Law dispensaries should in a similar manner be affiliated to the hospitals. Thus these noble institutions—the reserves of medical skill and science, the ultimate court of appeal in all difficult cases occurring among the humbler ranks of society—would be even more open to the poor than they now are, though on a somewhat different footing. The well-to-do poor would be admitted to them, without their experiencing any degradation, by virtue of their membership in provident dispensaries; the necessitous poor, as a matter of charity; while those who had come within the sphere of the Poor Law would be transferred to them whenever it was deemed necessary by the medical officer.

If the provident dispensaries, besides being affiliated to hospitals, were connected with one another, and if those in the metropolis were similarly connected with those in the provinces, they would become a still greater boon to the working classes. When the

demand for labour or family claims called the working man or the factory girl to a distant part of the country, they would at once find themselves members of an institution similar to that to which they had previously belonged. Both commercially and socially this would be a great advantage; for at present, under the club-system, it frequently happens that a workman is unwilling to leave a particular neighbourhood for fear of losing the benefits to which he is entitled; or if he does migrate, being far from the head-quarters of his club, he is tempted to apply to medical charities *in formâ pauperis*.

Among the other advantages which the dispensary system carries along with it is, that it undertakes, when necessary, to visit the sick poor at their own homes. This must frequently be a source of great comfort, and at the same time it is likely to have a beneficial effect upon the general health of the community, by calling the attention of a competent person to defective sanitary arrangements in the homes of the lower orders.

Thus have I endeavoured to lay before my readers one means of lessening the acknowledged evils attendant on the present method of out-patient relief. I am far from saying that it is the only step which ought to be taken. Indeed, I believe that changes in the administration of the medical charities themselves, as well as in the Poor Law service, are equally needed. But if the provident system had a full and fair trial, I am persuaded that we should hear much less about the abuse of hospitals.

Some persons advocate another plan for preventing the demoralizing tendency of the present system of indiscriminate relief. They propose that each patient should be charged a small sum for the medicine they receive; while others again recommend the admission of a somewhat higher class by the purchase of tickets. It is quite true that the advice thus obtained, not being entirely gratuitous, does not tend directly to pauperize the lower middle

class. But I hold strongly the opinion that it is the glory of our hospitals to be purely charitable institutions, taking nothing from those whom they relieve, and in no degree entering into competition with the remunerative practice of medical men. If patients can afford to pay anything, such payment ought to be made to a medical man through a sick club or provident dispensary. For all those who cannot afford even the sixpence or eightpence a month, which is all that the provident dispensary demands, I should wish the doors of the hospitals to stand wide open. I well know that there must always be many, even among the industrious poor, who have a hard struggle to provide for each day's necessities, and to whom it is an utter impossibility to save even a few pence,—many who are expected by their employers to "keep up appearances," such as clerks, shopwomen, &c. Many a skilled artisan with a large family, or with aged parents dependent upon him, must often have the utmost difficulty to make both ends meet. Many a seamstress in weak health may be unable to earn a full day's wages. To these and such as these the charitable aid of the hospitals is most properly extended; and it is such deserving cases as these that the public, in giving their money, desire to assist. But there are others who are called "poor" (whom we have distinguished as the well-to-do poor), who are in regular work and earning high wages, who have no extraordinary claims upon them, and whom it is unwise and unjust to treat as objects of charity: unwise, because it leads to habits of extravagance instead of providence; and unjust, because it diverts the stream of charity from its proper course. The greatest kindness we can confer upon this class is to "help them to help themselves," and this may be done most effectually by promoting the establishment of provident dispensaries, and contributing to a fund which might serve to defray some of the necessary expenses.

Let no one suppose from anything I have said that I wish to put a bridle

upon charity. Far from it. I know too well that charity—like mercy—carries with it a double blessing, that it blesses him that gives and him that takes. But there may be a misplaced charity, and such it is when it is administered to those who need it not. What I desire is, not to induce people to withdraw their support from the hospitals, which, in their proper sphere, are an invaluable boon to the poor, but to point out the evils of indiscriminate almsgiving in the matter of medical relief, and to indicate another channel through which the bounty of the benevolent might flow with advantage.

The figures that I have adduced are sufficient to show that the question we have been considering affects a very large section of the community—so large a section that the subject becomes one of national importance. It is no mere "doctors' question;" it is no mere question for philanthropists; it is one which is not unworthy of the attention of statesmen. It has its roots far down in the honesty and independence of our working classes; and the way in which the question is now met cannot fail to have an important bearing upon their character and an influence upon our social and political condition for years to come. For if gifts and doles are distributed with too lavish a hand, among unsuitable recipients, they do more harm than good: they only tend to increase the number of the idle, the vagrant and the discontented—the number of those who are always looking for advantage from some other quarter than their own honest exertions—the number of those who have nothing to lose and everything to gain by disturbing the existing order of society: whereas, on the other hand, a wise and discriminating charity binds together the rich and the poor in the bonds of mutual respect and consideration; and at the same time, every man, woman, and young person, who has for a few years subscribed to a provident society, be it of what kind it may, has, so far forth, a stake in the country, a direct interest in promoting peaceful industry, and in upholding and consolidating our existing institutions.

A BENGALI HISTORICAL NOVEL.¹

BY PROFESSOR COWELL.

INDIA is the native land of fiction. Half the popular stories of mediæval Europe can be traced to ancient Sanskrit sources, whence they filtered by a hundred hidden channels into the popular literature of the West. But with us these ancient stories have been eclipsed by our modern works of genius, or, if they ever and anon reappear, they have been so transmuted by modern ideas, that the old substance can hardly be recognized under its present forms; but in India the case has been far different. The old legends have there retained their hold on the popular imagination, and every new effort of fiction to win a sympathetic audience must reproduce the old favourites. Every story must begin with its childless king, who at last, by some vow, obtains a peerless son; every princess must choose her husband from some concourse of suitors at a *swayamvara*; and every tale must be full of the magic metamorphoses which so naturally arise from the universal belief in transmigration. It is only within a very few years that Hindu authors, especially in Bengal, have begun to look beyond this limited range of subjects, and to exchange the mythic region of fable and romance for the deeper interest of actual life and history. Some years ago, a Bengali poet produced some popular poems, which treated of stirring incidents from the romantic history of the Rajputs; and similarly we have now before us an historical prose romance, by a Bengali author, which, rejecting all the mythological times, has fixed its scene in the days of the great Emperor Akbar, and, without a single marvel of magic or

metempsychosis, seeks its sole interest in human passion and life's daily struggles with adverse circumstances. The book has already reached its fourth edition, and we may therefore fairly consider it as the successful inaugurator of a new kind of literature in Bengal.

There is also another interest in the book, as being a visible result of our English system of education in India. Cynical critics have long complained that our Calcutta system of education only produced clever automatons,—“books in *chuddars*” used to be the favourite phrase,—who reproduced in the examinations a great amount of ill-digested information, but were utterly unable to originate an idea of their own. The present work, as well as several others, may well refute these assertions. Its author was one of the first two Bachelors of Arts produced by the Calcutta University. He was educated at the Presidency College, and took his degree in 1858. He has since written several novels in Bengali; but the one which we have taken as our subject is the most successful with his countrymen; and we think it is well worthy some notice in England, as the first attempt to transplant into India our own historical novel.

Its subject is thoroughly characteristic. We can trace occasionally the marks of Western influence,—its author has evidently read Cooper and Scott; but he is no mere copyist; the scenery and the persons are Indian, and hence, no doubt, the popularity which his books have attained. He has naturally placed the epoch of his story in the times of Akbar, for no ruler of India has ever left so deep a mark on the Hindu mind. The present writer well remembers the bells of his native town ringing to cele-

¹ “*Durgésanandini*; or, The Fortress-chief-tain's Daughter.” By Bankim Chandra Chattaji. Calcutta, 1871.

brate the Queen's accession in 1837, and he was astonished as a child to hear an illiterate countryman express a hope that the new Queen might be as good as "Queen Bess;" the speaker knew nothing of the glories of her reign, but the name had come down to him as a treasured symbol from his fathers. It is just the same with Akbar Sháh in India: most of those who utter the name may know nothing of the details of his history, but the name itself lingers on every mouth,

"Like a ring of bells whose sound the wind still alters."

Akbar was the only Moghul ruler who conceived the broad idea of universal religious toleration, and desired to unite Hindus and Mohammedans into one great community. The attitude of the Rajput kings during his reign is the strongest proof of the success of his policy. He gradually converted them from his bitterest enemies to his firmest friends, and Rajputs were found among the bravest leaders of his armies and the most successful administrators of his civil government. The most famous of these Rajput chiefs was Mán Singh, the Rajah of Jeipur. His sister was married to the Emperor's eldest son, who afterwards succeeded to the throne as the Sultán Jehángir; and we find him employed during nearly all the great wars of Akbar's reign. His name is especially associated with the conquest of the Patháns or Afgháns, who had long held Bengal and Orissa; and it is this episode which furnishes the groundwork of our Hindu novel.

The Patháns had held Bengal for more than two centuries, but the gradual consolidation of the Moghul Empire under Akbar had begun to narrow their power. Daúd, their leader, had in vain endeavoured to withstand the gradual advance of the imperial forces; after several battles he fell at Rajmahal in 1576, and Bengal and Behar were annexed to the Empire of Delhi. But the southern province of Orissa was still held, and the Patháns kept up from thence a desultory warfare, which was aided by the

frequent revolts of Akbar's own officers in the conquered districts, who had seized on the fiefs of the Pathán nobles and tried to hold their prey against the demands of the court. At last, Rajah Mán Singh was summoned from his government of Cabul, and sent to Bengal to settle the province.¹ He arrived in the year 1588, and our story opens with his encampment at Jahánábád, a village some fifty miles north-west of the old swamp where now stands Calcutta, the city of palaces. The Patháns, under their leader, Katlú Khán, had made an invasion from Orissa, and had seized Midnapur, the well-known town on the road from Calcutta to Cuttack. Mán Singh had despatched his son, Jagat Singh, to reconnoitre the enemy's position, and the story begins with the young hero's return.

The first chapter opens with Jagat Singh riding alone in a waste tract of country between Jahánábád and Bishnupur, where he has hurried on in advance of his little party. A sudden storm, as evening approaches, drives him to seek shelter in a deserted temple of Siva. After some delay at the entrance, he at length forces his way within, and finds that a young lady and her attendant Bimalá have previously taken shelter there. The storm has surprised them as they were travelling home in their palankins; their bearers have fled to the neighbouring village, and they are left alone in the temple. The Rajput soon sets them at their ease by his gallant bearing, the storm ceases, and the fair strangers depart as their truant bearers return; but Jagat Singh obtains a promise from Bimalá that she will meet him that day fortnight at the same hour and place, when she is to tell him the name of her companion.

The young lady is Tilottamá, the only daughter of a Hindu chief, Bi-

¹ Our author says, with pardonable pride, "The Emperor's Viceroy, Ázim Khán, and after him Sháh Báiz Khán, in vain tried to recover the province. At length a Hindu warrior was sent to accomplish what baffled every effort."

rendra Singh, who holds the neighbouring castle of Gar Mándáran. She was his daughter by a former wife, and he had since married Bimalá, who was the daughter of a Brahman named Abhirám Swámí; but on his discovering that her mother was of the lowest or Súdra caste, he had only consented to keep her in his house on condition that she was to attend his young child as a servant, and never breathe a word as to the real nature of their connection. Bimalá accepts her fate with silent resignation, and finds her comfort in the care of Tilottamá, who grows up with the fondest affection for her nurse, though she never for a moment suspects that she is her stepmother.

The fortnight passes, but not wholly without incidents. Katlú Khán summons Birendra Singh to join his standard against the Moghul invaders, and the chieftain is sorely tempted to comply with the demand, as he has a private quarrel with Mán Singh; but he is persuaded by his councillor, Abhirám Swámí, to smother his resentment, and join the imperial forces. The Brahman is an astrologer, and he warns him that the stars foretell an approaching misfortune from the Moghuls to his daughter, and he advises him to lose no time in taking their side.

Tilottamá is no uneducated maiden, like the generality of Hindu women. Perhaps the author has somewhat drawn his picture from imagination, or rather from the earlier state of his countrywomen before the Mohammedan conquest taught the Hindus to adopt the seclusion of the harem from their conquerors. In the mediæval stories of India, before the Mohammedan invasion, women of rank appear in public, and in their own habitations they are not subject to any of those restraints which are so universal in modern times; and they are represented as fitted by education to be the companions and not merely the playthings of their husbands. And even among the Mohammedans, female accomplishments were not wholly unknown. Nár Jehán, the famous queen of Sultán Jehángír, is said to

have won her husband's heart by her facility in composing extempore poetry as much as by her beauty;¹ and Zib-ul-Nisá, the daughter of the Emperor Aurangzib, is one of India's well-known poets, and her odes under the assumed name of Makhfi, or "the concealed one," were lithographed only a few years ago at Lucknow. In the same way Tilottamá had been taught by the Brahman Abhirám to read Sanskrit, and we find her in her boudoir busy over the famous romance of Kádambarí, which, in its Bengali translation, is even now one of the most favourite books in Bengal.

At the end of the fortnight Bimalá determines to fulfil her promise of meeting the Rajput prince once more in the temple of Siva. She has seen that her step-child's heart has been touched, and she resolves to do all she can to aid her in her love. In her perplexity she consults her father, Abhirám Swámí, as to her wisest course, but he opposes her with all a Brahman's vehemence; Mán Singh's family is, in his eyes, irrevocably disgraced by the marriage of one of its princesses into the reigning house of Delhi, and he sternly protests against any attempt to bring about an alliance between Tilottamá and one of the degraded race. "Shall Jagat Singh," he said, "marry a daughter of Birendra Singh?" "Why not?" answered Bimalá, mistaking his meaning, and supposing that he thought that she was too inferior to the great Rajput family to aspire to an alliance with it: "why not? what fault is there in her family? Her ancestors also belong to the great race of Yadu!" "Her ancestors!" exclaimed the Brahman; "shall a daughter of the race of Yadu become the daughter-in-law of a Musalmán's brother-in-law?"²

¹ She is said one day to have appeased the Sultan's anger by the following extempore distich:

"If your imperial pleasure be to slay so mean a victim, I

With my whole heart say 'smite,'—but stay,
will not your sword be stained thereby?"

² It is well known that the Moghul Emperors married several Rajput princesses, but our historians have been too ready to assume

Bimalá takes with her as her guard in her solitary walk to the temple a half-crazy pupil of the Brahman's, who acts as the fool of the novel. Bengalis have a great deal of humour, and this conceited pedant's extravagances afford no little amusement to Hindu readers, but such scenes seldom bear transplanting into another language. She sends her servant to fetch him, who finds him eating his meal of boiled rice, and slyly makes him break the rule of silence which a Brahman should observe in eating his food. At length, however, he is persuaded to accompany her mistress, and the two set out on their lonely journey by moonlight. As they approach the rendezvous Bimalá determines to get rid of her companion, as his presence would be inconvenient at that the Rajput family pride was wholly satisfied with the alliance. Thus Elphinstone says that "the connection was on a footing of so much equality that, from being looked on with repugnance as a loss of caste, it soon came to be counted as an honourable alliance with the family of the sovereign." But in Kaye's "*Life of Lord Metcalfe*," vol. I. p. 416, we have an interesting letter written by Metcalfe from Delhi, in reply to an inquiry from England, in reference to these matrimonial connections between the Moghul princes and the daughters of the Rajput Rajahs. "I received your letter," he writes, "a few minutes before a visit from the Jodpur wakil, a most respectable and well-informed old man; and I availed myself of the opportunity to apply to him for a solution of the question. He says that it was first proposed to the Rajput Rajahs to form a connection with the imperial family by taking in marriage imperial princesses, but that this proposal was rejected, as such a communication would have polluted the blood of the Rajahs' families, and would have been utter abomination for ever; that they were glad to effect their escape from so alarming a danger by sacrificing their own daughters, who were considered as dead from the time of their connection with the Emperors; that after ice had been once broken by the formation of a connection of this kind, it came to be considered a custom, and ceased to be objectionable; that a connection with the Emperors was thought to be desirable for political purposes, and that the rivalry of the Rajahs of Jeipur and Jodpur made both occasionally press forward with their daughters, each being jealous when such a connection was formed by the other; nevertheless, that the daughters were considered as dead and gone, though their posthumous influence was an object of desire to their fathers."

the meeting; she easily frightens him by a ghost story, and he hurries off without even a word of farewell. She then enters the temple, and finds the Rajput already there. He is very anxious to learn the name of her young companion, but when he hears that she is the daughter of his father's enemy, he begins to despair. He prays, however, for one more interview, and accordingly he and Bimalá return together to the castle. As they return, Bimalá is confirmed in a suspicion which had crossed her in her previous walk, that they were watched; she fancies she hears sounds of footsteps under the trees, and catches glimpses of moving figures between the boughs in the moonlight. At length they reach the castle; and, contrary to her expectations, she contrives a meeting between the lovers. Unfortunately she leaves the postern door open, and the party are suddenly surprised by a band of Katlú Khán's soldiers, who force their way into the fort and overpower the defenders. The attack is described with considerable spirit. The assailing party is commanded by Osmán Khán, a Pathán officer who had been sent to punish the chieftain of the fort for refusing his alliance against Mán Singh.

Katlú Khán himself soon arrives, and takes charge of the prisoners. Bírendra, Tilottamá's father, is put to death; but the Khán has the wounded Rajput prince carefully tended in his own house, as he hopes by his mediation to secure advantageous terms of peace with Mán Singh; when, however, he finds these hopes of his disappointed, he has him transferred to a dungeon and treated as a common prisoner. Tilottamá is placed in the Nawáb's zenána, but Bimalá has a parting interview with her husband before his death, when a final reconciliation takes place, and she vows to avenge him.

There is a very amusing scene when Jagat Singh, just before his removal to his cell, has an interview with Abhirám Swámí's crazy pupil. Bidyá-diggaj, "the world-supporting elephant of knowledge," is his upádhi or honorary title;

but the poor fellow has been frightened into embracing Mohammedanism, and he now swears by the Kurán instead of the Shasters, and wishes to be considered a "Mochhalmán" and to be called Shekh! Through him he hears of Tilottamá's threatened fate, as if it were already accomplished and she had voluntarily welcomed her disgrace.

Bimalá in the meantime finds a friend in Osmán. She had saved his life when a child, and he now promises to save her; and he accordingly gives her a ring to secure her a free passage through the guards round the palace. She is to use it on the night of the tyrant's birthday, which he is to celebrate by a wild revel. The ring will only pass one through the guards, and Bimalá resolves to save her step-child. She herself remains behind to accomplish her own purpose of revenge, and Tilottamá is to personate her and so regain her liberty.

Tilottamá obeys her stepmother's instructions, and assumes her disguise; and as all the guards are engaged in revelry, she has no difficulty in threading her way through the various apartments of the palace, until she reaches the appointed door. There she finds a soldier waiting for her by Osmán's orders, who, on her showing him the ring, offers to conduct her where she pleases. In her agitation and utter uncertainty as to her lover's fate, she asks to be conducted to his cell. The soldier of course at first hesitates, and the prisoner's guards, when he explains her wish to them, are still more reluctant; but Osmán's ring at last overcomes every obstacle, and the door is thrown open, and Tilottamá finds herself in his presence. He was lying dressed on a common prisoner's bed, when he was suddenly aroused by the opening of the door.

"At first when he saw her he did not recognize her. He was only astonished to see a woman enter his cell. He was still more astonished to see the stranger approach no nearer, but remain with her face bent down, leaning against the wall. He sprang from his bed, advanced to-

wards the door, and looked,—it was Tilottamá! For a moment their eyes met; but at that very instant her glance dropped to the ground, and her limbs slightly moved as if she were about to fall at his feet. The Rajput a little drew back, and in an instant her limbs became rigid as by a spell. The blossom of her heart which had opened for a moment began at once to dry up and contract. He coldly exclaimed, 'How! Birendra Singh's daughter?' The words pierced her like an arrow—what meant this address? Had he forgotten her very name? Both remained silent for a while, until he again asked, 'For what purpose have you come here?' What a question! her head became giddy; the room, the bed, the lamp, the wall, all began to swim before her; she seized hold of the wall to support herself. The Rajput waited for an answer, but what answer could she give? At last he said, 'You are distressed,—go back whence you came, and forget all the past.'

"Tilottamá no longer felt giddy. Like a creeper fallen from the tree, she dropped senseless on the floor."

Jagat Singh had heard that she had been taken into the zenána, and all his Rajput pride had been roused; hence he had vowed to tear her image and memory from his mind. He now consults with the soldier who had brought her, as to what had best be done; and they finally agree to send a message to 'Ayeshá, the daughter of the Nawáb Katlú Khán. Her character is the best drawn in the book. She had nursed Jagat Singh while he lay dangerously wounded in her father's house, and her heart had been insensibly interested in the young Rajput hero. She comes when summoned, and makes her appearance in the cell with her attendant, and soon restores Tilottamá to consciousness. But all hope or power of escape is over for the present, and she is sent back to 'Ayeshá's room, who, however, promises to protect her and to seize the first opportunity of sending her away.

"The female attendant left the room with her. Jagat Singh thought to him-

self, 'Is it thus that we have met again?' and he heaved a deep sigh and remained silent. As long as Tilottamā could be seen through the doorway, he kept his eyes fixed in that direction.

"Tilottamā also thought, 'Is it thus that we have met?' but as long as she was in sight she did not look back. When she turned and looked, he was no more to be seen."

'Ayeshá remains behind for a few minutes to offer the Rajput his liberty. She urges him to escape while there is time, as she fears for his life from her father's anger. But he refuses to risk her safety; he feels that he already owes his life to her care, and he peremptorily rejects every plan of escape which would involve her honour or life. Our readers will see that some of the traits of 'Ayeshá are drawn from Scott's Rebecca, but it is far from being a mere servile copy.

Bimalā in the meantime assassinates the tyrant in the midst of his drunken revel; and of course this entirely changes the aspect of things. 'Ayeshá sends off Tilottamā to the appointed spot where the Brahman Abhiram was waiting for her. Jagat Singh is released from prison, and soon proceeds to his father's camp to effect a peace between the two armies.¹

For some time his Rajput pride repels the thought of Tilottamā, but eventually it gradually yields to the softening influence of her memory; and the story ends happily, as indeed, by a rule

¹ Compare Elphinstone's "History of India," p. 511.

of Hindu rhetoric, all romances ought to do.

We have not said much of 'Ayeshá, though, like Rebecca, she naturally interests the reader most. Her figure is the last seen in the book, and we extract the striking scene with which the story closes.

She gives to Tilottamā at her marriage a casket of jewels, just as Rebecca did to Rowena, and she then returns home.

"It was night when 'Ayeshá returned to her house. She stood at her chamber window in the cool evening breeze. Countless stars were shining in the dark sky, and the leaves of the trees were heard rustling in the darkness as the wind stirred them. The owl uttered his cry from the top of the tower, and beneath where she stood the moat reflected the image of the sky. She thought for some time, and at last drew off a ring from her hand. In that ring there was poison. She thought to herself, 'If I drink this little draught, I shall have quenched all my thirst;' but then again she thought, 'Did God send me into the world for such a deed as this? If I had not power to bear this sorrow, why did I accept at the first to be born as a woman? And what, too, would Jagat Singh say if he heard of it?' She replaced the ring on her finger, but she soon afterwards again drew it off. She thought to herself, 'It is not for a woman to keep this temptation near her; it is better to throw the tempter away.' So saying, 'Ayeshá dropped the poison-ring into the moat."

CAN COLLEGES REFORM THEMSELVES?

AN impression has been gaining ground that the recent appointment of a Commission to inquire into the revenues of Oxford and Cambridge is not intended to lead to any legislative action. It is rumoured that the Government intend to rely on the activity recently displayed by some colleges in remodelling their constitutions as a proof that they have in their own hands all the powers that are requisite for reform, and that parliamentary interference is unnecessary. The view is at first sight plausible; whether it is sound depends entirely on the nature and extent of the changes which require to be made. The object of this paper is to point out one or two considerations which appear to show that the task of self-reform is one which it is far beyond the power of colleges themselves to accomplish effectually.

If we examine the dissatisfaction which is felt with the existing application of college revenues, we shall find that, apart from the general conviction that a great deal of money is spent with very disproportionate results, it may be traced mainly to two sources—a conviction outside the University that certain forms of fellowships are abuses, and a conviction within the University that its machinery is no longer adapted to its changed circumstances and requirements. From the popular point of view the defects of the fellowship system are roughly summed up under two heads—clerical fellowships and non-resident fellowships. Both of these are condemned, and rightly condemned, as abuses,—the one as a remnant of a vicious system of denominational monopolies, the other as a remnant of a vicious system of sinecures. Prune off these rotten branches, say popular reformers, and there will not be so much amiss.

Unfortunately this is not a case to which pruning is applicable, for the evil is no mere excrescence, but is ingrained in the system. The suggestion of such a remedy arises from a misconception of the nature of fellowships, a misconception which is natural enough, for it is to be feared that the majority of Englishmen have the vaguest possible notions as to what is meant by a fellowship at Oxford or Cambridge, how it is obtained, what duties (if any) and emoluments are attached to it, and what are the conditions upon which it is held. To a foreigner, to whom even the name is unfamiliar, fellowships are still more mysterious institutions. In particular, the condition of celibacy, that curious relic of mediævalism, which is attached to most of them, presents hopeless difficulties. An Oxford fellow, whose appearance and habits were very far from suggesting any resemblance to the mendicant orders, has been known to describe himself to an inquisitive foreigner, as "a kind of very secular monk." No wonder that both foreigners and natives should be puzzled, for it would be difficult to find a more anomalous monster than a modern college fellow—a member of a society maintaining curious and antique ecclesiastical forms and traditions, yet possibly the most lay of laymen; a celibate, yet bound by no monastic vows; a member of the body which supplies almost all the teaching power of the University, yet not necessarily a teacher, not necessarily resident at the University, and even if a resident teacher, holding no status in the University as such; receiving his emoluments, sometimes as part of his pay as teacher, sometimes as a mere sinecure prize: a patron of numerous livings and an absentee landlord of estates which he has probably never seen, and of the

existence of which he has very possibly never heard.

The truth of course is, that a college fellow is an English institution, and, like so many English institutions, is capable of historical explanation, but incapable of definition. Look at him as he was in the fourteenth or fifteenth century, and the attributes which are so anomalous now, and the necessity or utility of which is defended by such far-fetched and powerful arguments, become natural and intelligible enough. In the first place, he was originally a student, bound by the rules of his college to go through a long and elaborate course of study, but not bound to give any teaching. It was only by a kind of accident that, as the University system of teaching broke down, and it became more and more customary for young students to flock to colleges for the benefit of sharing in the college discipline and course of studies, the older member of the society became a teacher, and it is important to remember that even now the fellow is not a teacher as such. In the next place, when not merely learning, but the rudimentary arts of reading and writing, were almost a monopoly of the clergy, and when accordingly persons took orders, not because they wished to perform, or because they were peculiarly qualified to perform spiritual functions, but simply because they wished to lead a studious life, it is almost needless to say that a college fellow would, whether compelled to be so or not by the rules of his society, almost necessarily be a clerk in holy orders. The notion that either the Universities or the Colleges were intended in any special sense to be nursing mothers of the Church in general, or of the Anglican Establishment in particular, is a figment of a much later age. For the same reason, and also because his narrow lodgings, common meals and scanty stipend were inconsistent with married life, he would be a celibate. Many reasons would contribute to make him live at the University. To begin with, if, as is probable, his aims were study, there was no other place at

which books or instruction were accessible. Then the nature of his emoluments was such as to make them dependent in great measure on residence. In all probability they consisted mainly of free lodging at the University, of an allowance for "battels," i.e. meals, and of a "stipend" which was paid during residence. The financial circumstances of colleges have so completely changed that "rooms," "battels," and "stipend" now figure as very considerable items in the income of a fellow, which is mainly derived from his dividends, i.e. his share in the surplus revenues of the college estates, after payment out of them of the scholarships and other specific burdens with which they are charged,—a surplus, be it remembered, which did not then exist, and the existence of which is mainly due to the enormous increase in the value of land. Thus there was every reason why a fellow should remain at the University, or, if he left it, should only leave it for a college living the holding of which might or might not be considered by his college compatible with the retention, in a modified form, of his fellowship, according to the value of the living or the circumstances of the college. This being the case, it was hardly necessary to lay down rules expressly providing against such a contingency as that of a fellowship being held by a flourishing barrister or a colonial dignitary.

The Oxford reforms of 1854, by making success in an examination the only means of obtaining a fellowship, stimulated competition, and struck a blow at favouritism and nepotism, but they left the fellowships themselves unchanged. What the Oxford fellow was in the fourteenth, that he still is, in theory, in the nineteenth century. Though the Church is no longer the exclusive home of science and learning, though the Establishment has become only one among several denominations, yet a large proportion of the fellowships is reserved exclusively to clergymen of the Established Church. Though the scanty pittance of the fellow has grown into a comfortable competence, yet the

duties attached to his stipend have not increased; indeed, they have diminished. He is no longer bound to go through a long course of study; he is not yet bound to reside at the University, or, if resident, to teach. Though study and a monastic life are no longer synonymous, the college fellow, whether an Oxford tutor or a London barrister, is, or was till lately, of necessity a celibate. It is the very success of the legislation of 1854, partial and tentative as that legislation was, which has brought into strong relief the anomalies which it left untouched.

Against clerical fellowships it is not necessary to argue here at length. They have been condemned by implication in the Act of last year, and a Government which has abolished denominational tests cannot possibly defend the retention of denominational fellowships. Whilst they are retained, it is a mockery to say that the benefits of the University have been thrown open freely and impartially to the nation at large. But the denominational inequality which is produced by clerical fellowships is far from being the only, though it is by itself a fatal objection to their continuance. From the point of view of the interests of the Established Church, of the interests of the fellows themselves, of the interests of University education, they are open to serious objections. If the Established Church is disposed to think that it cannot get on without this artificial bounty on enlistment into the ranks of its clergy, surely it must have had its eyes opened by this time to the scandal and evils which result from the system of inducing a young man, by a heavy pecuniary bribe, to pledge himself to a profession, the adoption of which ought pre-eminently to be uninfluenced by pecuniary motives, and the relinquishment of which is in all cases difficult, and, in the eyes of some, impossible. Moreover, the monopoly which is so jealously guarded, has results which are injurious not merely to the popularity, but to the reputation, of the Establishment. The natural result of a com-

petition between prizes which are open to all without restriction, and prizes which are fettered by conditions limiting them to a particular class, is that the latter are sought for and obtained by men of an inferior calibre. This inequality between the two kinds of fellowships, lay and clerical, was less apparent some twenty or thirty years ago; but of late years, during which the proportion of candidates for orders among those who take the highest honours at the University has, for whatever reason, been steadily declining, its effects have become very striking. It is a well-recognized fact that men who would have no chance whatever of obtaining a lay fellowship have a very fair chance of being elected to a clerical fellowship. The inference that clerical fellows are below par is scarcely correct, because many who ultimately take orders prefer to stand for a fellowship which leaves their choice of a vocation free, but it is a very natural one to draw, and does not improve the position of the class. And the fact that the field of candidates is so much narrowed in the case of clerical fellowships, makes them extremely unpopular with the more active colleges, whose aim it is to secure the ablest possible men for their teaching staff, irrespectively of their being or not being in orders, and who find themselves heavily weighted in their competition with other colleges, if a large proportion of their fellowships happen to be confined to clergymen. It should not, however, be assumed that the object of those who wish to abolish clerical fellowships is to eliminate the clerical element from the Universities. It would be mere folly to shut one's eyes to the fact that clergymen no longer have the monopoly of education which they once had, but on the other hand experience has shown that the quiet and regular habits of the teacher, whether he be a schoolmaster or a college tutor, and the necessity which he is under of giving advice and counsel as well as intellectual food to his pupils, and of leading a life which is not incongruous with the discipline which he has

to maintain, in many cases induce him naturally and without compulsion to adopt formally a profession with the duties and liabilities of which his own have so much in common. So long as human nature remains the same, and until theology insists on an open breach with learning, this natural tendency of tutors and schoolmasters to join the ranks of the clergy will continue; and the attempt to strengthen it artificially by such institutions as clerical fellowships is not only unnecessary, but harmful.

Assuming clerical fellowships to be injurious, can they not be left to be dealt with by the colleges themselves? The answer to this is, that a similar course was proposed some few years ago in Parliament with regard to University tests, and was then decisively rejected on both sides of the House as unsatisfactory. No more delusive or exasperating mode of dealing with the difficulty could be devised. It would refer the solution of the question to bodies in which the clerical element is, *ex hypothesi*, strongly represented; and it would involve each college in a long and acrimonious theological war. The expedient of shortening a denominational difficulty by relegating it to local bodies has been recently tried in the case of School Boards, and it cannot be said that the result is encouraging. Moreover, clerical fellowships form part of a complex and delicately interwoven college system, and their abolition would involve the revision of many other points in that system. For instance, in the case of some fellowships, the obligation to take orders after a certain period of years, has, in the case of fellows who never intended to become clergymen, the indirect effect of limiting the tenure of those fellowships to that period, and it would be far from an unmixed boon suddenly to convert all such fellowships into fellowships tenable for life. Again, it would be necessary to consider the best mode of keeping up religious worship in the different colleges, and of making provision for the chaplains, the subject of college livings, and the desirability of providing a retiring pension

for lay teachers analogous to that which such livings provided for clerical teachers (an arrangement more satisfactory perhaps to the colleges than to the parishes); all of them difficult and complicated subjects, which ought to be dealt with, not according to the whim of each college, but on broad, uniform, and statesmanlike principles.

A witty and ingenious apology for non-resident fellowships has recently appeared in these columns.¹ The writer, while admitting that they have been condemned by public opinion, appears to think that they perform an eminently useful function in fostering the "academic spirit"—a phrase which seems to indicate the frame of mind which, when it comes across an assertion or an institution, does not ask the vulgar question, Is it true? or, Is it useful? but contents itself with asking, Is it pretty? That this frame of mind, which some coarse folk would stigmatize as dilettantism, has a tendency to be produced and fostered by the enjoyment of a comfortable income with nothing to do, cannot be denied. Whether it is worth producing at so great a cost, and whether genuine culture would not flourish in this country even if sinecure fellowships were abolished, is another question. With the general position of the apologist, that wanton hands should not be laid on any part of such great and venerable institutions as the Universities and their colleges, the present writer fully concurs; nor would he deny that sinecure fellowships, strangely as they have been diverted from their original functions, indirectly serve several useful purposes.

Their value as endowments for study, as distinguished from teaching, has been dwelt on with great force by the Rector of Lincoln in his "Suggestions on Academical Organization;" and though their value is there probably exaggerated, yet this—the original purpose of fellowships—should certainly not be lost sight of in any re-distribution of the fund. Nor would it be right to ignore the very material assistance which they have

¹ "Strike, but Hear," *Macmillan's Magazine*, February 1872.

afforded and still constantly afford to men of small means who are anxious to combine the lengthy and costly education supplied by the Universities with an expensive profession, such as, for instance, the bar. There is many a father who, intending his son for such a profession, would never send him to Oxford or Cambridge were it not for a reasonable chance of a fellowship rendering him independent of further assistance after he had taken his degree; and there is many a young graduate who would hesitate to plunge into the unknown sea of London life if he had not this raft of a competence to cling to. Yet even here it may be doubted whether in the majority of cases energy and parsimony would not find themselves able to fight their way even without such help. The true way of making a University degree more compatible with a profession or occupation which requires a long and expensive special training, is probably to be found in such a modification of the University course as would on the other hand shorten it, and on the other hand, without forgetting that the object of the University is to impart general culture and not technical training, would yet bring that culture into somewhat closer relation to the practical needs of life.

But it is not desirable that any of the purposes which fellowships directly or indirectly serve should be ignored; all that is wanted is that security should be given against their abuse. There are, in fact, three main views which may be taken of the fellowship fund. It may be regarded as a prize fund for industry and ability, as an endowment for study, or as a fund for paying or augmenting teachers' fees. The existing system hesitates between these several views, and carries out none effectually. So far as fellowships are mere prizes, they should be diminished in number and value, and be bestowed, not by the colleges, but by the University; so far as they constitute an endowment for study, security should be given that they be held by *bonâ fide* students; so far as they are a fund for the payment of

teachers, that fund should be applied in such a way as to secure the services of the most efficient teachers that can be obtained.

How far can colleges carry out these objects by their own independent legislation? It has been seen that what is required is not the mere suppression of non-resident fellowships; and that thus the problem is more complex than it appears on a superficial view. But the difficulty which is really fatal to any effectual reform of fellowships by the individual colleges arises from the attitude of rivalry and competition in which they stand to one another. The success of every college depends on the efficiency of its teaching staff, and that teaching staff is composed mainly of its fellows. It is therefore its great object to make its fellowships as valuable and attractive as possible. It cannot, with safety to itself, hand over a portion of its funds to the University, or to any other teaching body. It cannot diminish the value of its fellowships, or limit their tenure to a fixed number of years, or annex to them onerous conditions as to residence, study, or college duties; for if it did so, it would be handicapping itself in its race with its rivals. This difficulty extends not merely to permanent or general, but to temporary or exceptional modifications of the conditions attached to fellowships, and is illustrated every day. It constantly happens that a college, having a fellowship vacant, is in immediate want of an addition to its working staff. Yet it very rarely ventures to advertise that the fellowship will be open only to those who will pledge themselves to reside; for it knows that if it did so, the probable result would be to frighten away the most promising candidates. What has been already said as to clerical fellowships applies here also: when a young man is at liberty to choose between two fellowships, one of which is subject to, and the other free from, onerous conditions, he would be a great fool, *ceteris paribus*, not to choose the latter. And even if colleges could with safety to themselves require all their fellows to reside, it would be very doubt-

ful whether, so long as the present mode of election to fellowships remains, they would be wise in doing so. A competitive examination is undoubtedly the best and fairest way of awarding a prize, but it is far from certain that it is the best mode of filling up an educational office. It by no means follows that because a young man passes a brilliant examination, therefore he possesses the qualities which fit him to be an efficient lecturer or tutor. So long as fellowships are obtained by competition, colleges must trust to a subsequent process of sifting, for the purpose of ascertaining which of their fellows are best adapted to become tutors and lecturers. If a young fellow shows himself both willing and competent to undertake work in the college, he is sure to get as much as he wants: and if he does not, he will generally have tact enough to discover before long that the vocation for which he is suited is not that of a college tutor, and in the majority of cases he will pass into the ranks of the non-resident fellows. To compel him to reside would be injurious to himself and useless to the college. Thus, under the present system, the possibility of non-residence supplies an easy and natural corrective for the inherent defects of the competitive system, and a safety-valve through which persons whose abilities are sufficient to gain fellowships, but whose tastes or qualifications do not adapt them for University work, pass into the outer world.

Hitherto we have dwelt mainly on the popular aspect of fellowships, and have tried to show that clerical fellowships and sinecure fellowships, however unsatisfactory they may be, cannot be so simply dealt with as has been supposed. We now propose to call attention to certain changes which have been recently passing over the Universities, especially over Oxford, and which, even more than the existence of such institutions as clerical or sinecure fellowships, render a revision of the college system imperatively necessary. Among these changes there are two, above others, the effect of

which cannot be described as anything less than revolutionary. The first is the introduction of married fellowships, and the second is the system of inter-collegiate lectures. The one goes to the root of collegiate social life, and the other to the root of collegiate teaching.

The first of these topics is one which it is impossible to approach without fear and trembling. It wounds so many tender susceptibilities, it involves so many delicate considerations, it raises so many difficult moral and social problems, a bachelor is so constantly reminded of his necessary ignorance of the subject, that it requires some hardihood to allude to it, much more to discuss it. It is not unnatural that old Oxonians should view with dislike and alarm the feminine invasion which is so completely revolutionizing the external appearance of the old University town. They complain, with much justice, that it has a tendency to empty common-rooms at the legitimate dining hour, and to flood them at irregular luncheon hours; that married life destroys the easy intercourse which is such a valuable element in the relation of tutor and pupil, for that it is one thing to stroll casually into Mr. Smith's room at any hour of the evening and ask his opinion on a difficult passage of Thucydides, and quite another thing to call at Mr. Smith's house, with the prospect of facing Mrs. Smith and all the Miss Smiths; that the young married tutor is never to be found inside the college walls when he is wanted, and that as he grows old there is reason to fear that he will be thinking too much about his wife and children and too little about his pupils.¹ As to one of the complaints which is most frequently brought against the intrusion of marriage into the Universities, namely that it tends to destroy the charm of

¹ Queen Elizabeth prohibited the residence of women in colleges, holding that "when chief governors, prebendaries, students, &c., do keep particular household with their wives, children, and nurses, no small offence groweth to the interest of the founders and the quiet and orderly profession of study and learning." (Archbishop Parker's Correspondence, quoted in Freeman's "Norman Conquest," iv. 425.)

college social life, it may be questioned whether a good deal of misconception has not been produced by the kind of legendary halo which has somehow or other been cast about common-rooms and combination rooms. There seems to be a popular impression afloat that common-rooms supply an almost ideal form of social intercourse, where wit sparkles without malice, and freedom, unrestricted by petticoats, never degenerates into licence. It may be doubted whether the reality quite comes up, or ever has quite come up, to this charming description. So far as we may judge from the records of the past, such as are supplied by eighteenth-century biographies, and by the contents of old betting books which still slumber in certain common-room drawers, there was a time when Oxford common-rooms had a strong savour of the tavern. And as for the present, those whose memories linger affectionately round the remembrance of social gatherings in well-known old halls or common-rooms, are apt to forget that these occasions are necessarily exceptional, and that under ordinary circumstances the complete enjoyment of a six o'clock dinner is materially impaired by the prospect of eight o'clock pupils. It is possible that there may have been a golden age intervening between the past of somewhat besotted idleness and the present of somewhat oppressive industry, during which common-room life combined the best characteristics of a Parisian *salon* and a London club; but that is problematical. Moreover, it has been suggested that even societies from which the feminine element has been most carefully excluded, are not altogether free from the petty jealousies and scandals and rivalries which usually disfigure small coteries. And in any case it would require stronger arguments than those which have been advanced to prove that the life which men and women lead in each other's society is not as a rule more healthy, natural, and useful, than that which they lead apart, whether shut up in colleges or in convents.

However, setting this delicate ques-

tion apart, it is not to be denied that the revolution in social life to which we have referred, threatens the Universities with serious difficulties. One of them, the increased extravagance of living which ladies have been accused of causing, is, it may be hoped, though an ugly, yet a temporary phase, which will tend to disappear as soon as young married tutors have realized the fact that they must live very modestly if they wish to exist on six hundred a year. But some of the other difficulties are of a more permanent nature, and cannot be got over quite satisfactorily. Such are the impaired efficiency of married teachers in consequence of their being removed to a greater distance from their pupils, and the difficulty of allowing officers of the college to marry, and yet maintaining an efficient supervision over the discipline of the college. As to the first, while fully admitting the reality of the evil, all that can be done is to hope that some alleviation of it may be found in a modification of the hours of work, and to point to the precedent of masters at public schools, as showing that marriage is not incompatible with a teacher's both throwing his heart into his work, and seeing a great deal of his pupils. The second difficulty may be met in two ways—by allowing married fellows to live within the college walls, and by limiting the right of marriage to a favoured few. There are objections to both courses. Independently of the difficulty of adjusting collegiate buildings to the requirements of families, a witness in a recent University inquiry has dealt with amusing pathos on the inconveniences attending the invasion of quiet college precincts by nursemaids, perambulators, and similar horrors. And it must be admitted that a teething infant would probably be a more formidable neighbour to a quiet student than even an ambitious practiser on the cornet-à-piston. In the one case the hours of practice may be regulated; in the other they cannot. If, on the other hand, only a certain number of the residents are to be allowed to marry, on what principle is this deli-

cate and important privilege to be granted? If on that of seniority, it seems rather hard that a sighing lover of twenty-seven should have to wait till his senior has made up his mind whether he will or will not take a companion for his declining years. If priority of application is taken into consideration, the system would form a heavy premium on early engagements, and a *fiancée* would become as indispensable an appendage to an unmarried tutor as a follower is to a housemaid.

The fact that, in spite of these difficulties, every college which has recently taken in hand the remodelling of its fellowships, has found itself compelled to tolerate, to a greater or less extent, the marriage of its resident fellows, shows the necessity of the change. Without it college tutorships cannot compete with their most formidable rivals, masterships at public schools and Scotch professorships. Scarcely a year passes without seeing some graduate, who appears eminently qualified to remain a University teacher, transferred to some sphere of life for which celibacy is not a disqualification. The difficulty of inducing able men to remain at the University is one which increases every year. The average age of the working staff is probably under thirty, and there is said to be a college where the senior tutor has not reached that venerable age. There will be some who will say that this is just as it should be; that the time when a tutor is at his best is when he is young, vigorous, and enthusiastic, and not yet sufficiently removed from the standing of his pupils to be unable to comprehend their difficulties; and that an older man very soon tends to become dull and mechanical. There is a great deal of truth in this; and if the whole work of education consisted in the ploughing up of the mental field, and the rooting out of the prejudices which have sown themselves in the fallow, it is probable that no more potent instrument could be devised for the purpose, than a young graduate, fresh from his degree, eager to do his best for his pupils, full of sympathy for the diffi-

culties with which he himself has recently struggled, full of belief in the truths into which he has just been initiated, and full of scorn for the fallacies from which he has just been emancipated. It will be an evil day for the Universities when this element disappears from their teaching. But admitting this, there are many—not merely among those who regard the Universities primarily as homes of culture and science, but among those who attach greater weight to their strictly educational functions—who feel strongly that this element needs to be supplemented by another in which the Universities are at present deficient: the element of thorough, solid, scientific teaching; the teaching which is the fruit of mature reflection, and patient, laborious years, and which ultimately enriches the University and the world with written work of permanent value. Teachers of this kind the Universities now and then contrive to retain in their service, rather through the operation of some "divine chance" than by good management; but they can never reckon on retaining them until they have made the career which they offer attractive, not merely to a youngster, but to a middle-aged man.

The second innovation to which we have referred, namely the system of intercollegiate teaching, is a necessary result of the increased and increasing variety and elasticity of the recognized University course. When the University curriculum simply offered a choice between a comparatively narrow course of classics and a comparatively narrow course of mathematics, there was always a reasonable chance that in each college might be found a teaching staff sufficient to conduct the undergraduates through their course of mathematics, or classics, as the case might be. But now that to classics and mathematics have been added law, history, theology, and physical science; now that the school of "*literæ humaniores*" has ramified into a number of subjects, more or less cognate, but each sufficient to monopolize the exertions of any one

teacher, and that each successive modification of the examination statutes shows a further tendency in the direction of specializing,—pretensions on the part of any one college to supply with its own unaided staff the teaching required for all these subjects become absurd, and the costliness and wastefulness of the cumbrous and antiquated machinery of separate college teaching become apparent. Whilst colleges still struggled to maintain their independence of external assistance, their *ἀνράκεια*, in teaching, there might be seen, here a lecturer delivering to five a course of lectures which might, with equal advantage, have been delivered to fifty; there a pupil unable to obtain any college teaching which met his wants. It was the latter anomaly which first led to a change; for colleges now-a-days usually feel some scruple about adhering to the time-honoured system of contenting themselves with pocketing tuition fees, leaving all real instruction to be supplied by private tutors. The most obvious mode of meeting the want was that of calling in as lecturers, or even as tutors, members of other colleges; and this was soon resorted to. A still more beneficial extension of the system of extra-collegiate instruction was made, when one college admitted to its lectures, or to some of its lectures, the members of another college, either on the condition of a money payment, or of being granted a reciprocal favour. This plan was found to be at once so simple, so sensible, and so useful, that it was widely and rapidly taken up; and the most remarkable phenomenon in Oxford teaching during the last few years has been the growth and increase of these commercial treaties, as they may be termed, between different colleges, which have formed a network embracing nearly every college at the University. These confederations may be more or less complete, and may extend to all, or only to a part, of the subjects professed to be taught; in their completest form they involve the most entire intercommunion for teaching purposes, a common staff of lecturers, and the settlement in com-

mon of a comprehensive programme of lectures open to all members of the confederated societies. In fact for teaching, as distinguished from disciplinary purposes, the college has disappeared, and the confederation, under the management of a common board of tutors and lecturers, has taken its place. In some subjects, such as mathematics, for which there is a more limited demand, and consequently a more limited supply of teachers, it is believed to be the case, that teaching, at least so far as "honour" mathematics are concerned, is entirely irrespective of the colleges. The mathematical teachers of the University meet together, and divide the profits among themselves, drawing their fees out of the tuition funds of the different colleges.

It requires no great sagacity to foresee that this system of confederation is only preparing the way to a still greater unity in the administration of the University, to a state of things in which the colleges will be far more completely subordinated to the University, and in which the most important lecturers will be in theory, as they are rapidly becoming in fact, University and not college officers. To hold such a view implies rather a wish for, not a belief in, the probability of the extinction of the colleges. The recent admission of unattached students to the University does indeed show that colleges are not necessary, but it is far from showing that they are not highly useful elements of a University. Not merely as institutions round which honourable and venerable traditions have gathered, but as institutions which have always fulfilled and still fulfil functions of the highest value in the University, the loss of the colleges would be irreparable. There is one point especially in which the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, through the possession of colleges, contrast favourably with the Universities of other countries, and of other parts of the United Kingdom. No one who has enjoyed the inestimable advantage of belonging to a good college can fail to remember that much as he owes to his tutors and lecturers, he owes still more

to his college friends and contemporaries, to common studies, common recreations, common interests, all stimulated by attachment to one small society, and given full play by the easy and familiar intercourse which college life supplies. How much of all this is not lost to one who, instead of becoming a member of a college, is cast adrift upon the University at large?

The future constitution of the University is, however, too large a subject to be discussed here. It has been the object of this paper to state problems, not solve them; to indicate the magnitude and complexity of the questions which are involved in college reform, by showing, in the first place, that the points in the fellowship system which are the most favourite topics of popular criticism, are not mere ugly warts which may be removed, but are inherent in the very constitution of the colleges; and in the second place, that the changes which are passing over the University, not in consequence of any gratuitous experimentalizing on the part of its members, but through the operation of natural causes, are of the most serious and important kind, going to the root of the most fundamental principles upon which the University and the colleges have been built up; and to draw the conclusion that these changes require to be dealt with, not by such fragmentary, incomplete, and incoherent measures of reform as the colleges can themselves supply, but upon broad, comprehensive, and general principles.

It would be tempting to say a few words on some other points in which the working of the existing college system is unsatisfactory, whilst an adequate remedy seems to be out of the reach of the colleges themselves. The most important of these are, first, the economical waste which is involved in the existence, side by side, of a number of institutions, all existing for the same object, but each maintaining in jealous independence its separate expensive establishment, separate officers, separate buildings, and separate "pocket-handkerchief estates," scattered up and

down over the face of the country; and secondly, the serious extent to which rivalry between the colleges in founding and augmenting scholarships and exhibitions has run. At the last conference of the masters of public schools, a protest was raised against the unnecessary multiplication of scholarship examinations, in running the gauntlet of which the most promising pupils at a school are apt to be employed during no inconsiderable part of the working year, and others have complained of the growing tendency on the part of colleges to raise unnecessarily the pecuniary value of their scholarships, and the maximum age of eligibility, in the hope of making them more attractive, and of drawing candidates from a wider field. No money can be better applied than that which is devoted to aiding poor scholars in defraying the expenses of a good education; but scholarships are scarcely fulfilling their proper purpose when they are made the means of inducing scholars to prefer a less to a more efficient college for the sake of getting a little money, when in fact they are used not as means of promoting education but as advertisements of rival teaching-shops.

Nothing can be more praiseworthy than the strenuous efforts which the most active colleges have been making to remedy the defects to which we have referred, and to adapt their antiquated machinery to the wholly new state of things which they have to meet. Nothing can be more valuable as suggestions and indications of the direction which reform ought to take, but it is mere mockery to tell them that they, exposed as they are to the keenest competition, with their imperfect powers, their conflicting theories, and their jealous rivalries, are competent to carry out what is nothing less than a remodelling of the University. The simple statement that what is really needed is a revision of the relations of the colleges to each other and to the University, is enough to show how unequal the colleges are themselves to the task; and of this a strong confirmation might be found in the wild panaceas

which some colleges have been proposing, and the incongruous principles upon which they have been reforming their constitutions.

The most indispensable preliminary of any reform is an accurate knowledge of facts, and for this purpose the inquiries which the University Commissioners are directed to make are invaluable. The nature and value of college property is a subject about which not merely members of Parliament and journalists, but fellows of colleges themselves, are as absolutely ignorant as they are about the number of landholders in Great Britain. The instruction to inquire into and report on, not merely the nature and extent of college revenues, but the mode in which those revenues are applied, will, it is to be hoped, have the effect of making the Commissioners report something more than a mere balance-sheet, and will enable it to contain useful suggestions as to the best mode of utilizing and of redistributing, if necessary, college property. Yet, in

spite of the elasticity of the Commissioners' instructions, it is impossible not to regret that they did not extend a little further, and authorize them to collect opinions as well as facts. It may very well be that opinions on the proper mode of University reform, both at Oxford and at Cambridge, are at present in an almost hopelessly divided state, and that the bulk of what would be elicited would be a mass of contradictory and impracticable theories; but even so, if legislation is desirable, it is surely better that it should be preceded by an inquiry into the opinions of those most conversant with the facts, and that those opinions should be given an opportunity of sifting and clearing themselves, of discovering their own inconsistencies, and of crystallizing themselves into shape. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that such an enlargement of the Commissioners' powers as will impose this additional duty upon them may still be made.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

THE AVENGER.

"Love had ordained that it was Abra's turn
To mix the sweets, and minister the urn."

SURELY nine o'clock was early enough for breakfast at this remote little inn on the top of the hill; and indeed, when we parted the night before, after our moonlight improvisation of *Fra Diavolo*, that was the hour agreed upon. Nine o'clock! Going down at a quarter past eight, with some notion that the Lieutenant might have sat up half the night consuming his wrath in the smoking of many cigars, and might now be still in bed, I heard voices. Sometimes there was a laugh—and no one who had once heard Bell's musical laugh could ever mistake it. When I went into the parlour which had been the Lieutenant's bedroom, I found that all traces of his occupation were gone: a fire was burning brightly in the grate, the breakfast tray was laid, and Bell sat at the open window, talking to Von Rosen himself, who was standing out on the pavement in the full blaze of the morning sunshine that now filled the main thoroughfare of Bourton-on-the-Hill.

Bell looks round with a startled air.

"My dear," I say to her, "travelling is doing you a world of good. Early rising is an excellent thing for young people."

"I did not know when you might want to start," says Bell, gently, and rather averting her eyes—for which there was no reason whatever.

At this moment Queen Titania came down, looking brisk and cheerful, as

she always does in the morning. She glanced at the fire, at the clean table, at Bell sitting by the window, and at the blaze of sunlight on the wall on the other side of the street. Apparently, this pleasant picture put her into an excellent humour, and she said to the Lieutenant, with one of her brightest looks—

"Well, have you been making discoveries this morning? Have you made the acquaintance of many people? Has Bourton-on-the-Hill anything peculiar about it?"

"Oh yes, Madame," said the Lieutenant, seriously, "something very singular, which you will not like to hear. This is an English village, in the middle of the country, and yet they never have any milk here—never. They cannot get any. The farmers prefer to make butter, and they will not sell milk on any inducement."

"Why," said Tita, "that is the reason of our having no milk with our tea last evening. But is there no one the landlady can beg a little milk from?"

The Lieutenant looked at Bell, and that young lady endeavoured to conceal a smile. They had evidently been speculating on Tita's dismay before we came down.

"The great farmer in the neighbourhood," continued the Lieutenant, gravely, "is a Mrs. Phillips. I think she owns all the cattle—all the milk. I did send to her a polite message an hour ago, to ask if she would present us with a little of it—but no; there is no answer. At the moment that Mademoiselle came down, I was going up to Mrs. Phillips's farm, to get the milk for you, but Mademoiselle was too proud for that, and

would not allow me to go, and said she would not take it now, since the woman had refused it."

"And how did you propose to overcome Mrs. Phillips's obstinacy?" asked Tita, who seemed possessed by a fear that sooner or later the predatory instincts of this Uhlan would get us into trouble.

"Oh, I do not know, but I should have got it some way," said the Lieutenant; and with that he held out a small book he had in his hand. "See! I have made more discoveries this morning. Here is a note-book I have found, of a young lady at school, who has been staying, perhaps, at this house; and it has given me much amusement—oh, very much amusement, and instruction also. It is just the same as if I had been in the school with her, and she has told me all about her teachers, and the other girls, and all that. Shall I read some to you?"

"Now *is* it fair," said Bell, "to peep into a young lady's secrets like that?"

"But I have done so already," replied Von Rosen, coolly. "I have read it all—and now I will tell you some of it. First, there are addresses of friends—that is nothing. Then there are stitches of knitting—that is nothing, only the young lady seems correct and methodist—no, methodical, I should say. Then there are notes of lectures, and very much good information in them, oh, very good indeed—I am not surprised your English young ladies know very much. Let me see: '*Epic poetry we like, because they treat of great men and great actions. "Paradise Lost" admired for its noble language. Milton a Puritan. England receives solidity of character from the Puritans. Dryden and Byron are not read, although very great. Byron hated his own race—is not a good poet to read.*' This is very good instruction; but she hastens now to put down something about two other girls, who were perhaps at the lecture. She says: '*Shocking, impertinent, ill-bred creatures; my spirit recoils from them.*' Then there is a question addressed to her neighbour: '*Do you see how Miss Williams has got her hair done?*'"

Here Queen Titania protested against these revelations, and would have held out her hand for the book; but the Lieutenant only stepped back a few inches from the window, and said, seriously—

"There is much better information to come. Here she puts down in order the phrases which one of the masters has used to her class—polite phrases, she says, to use to ladies. 1. *You degrade yourselves.* 2. *How much more kitchen-maidism?* 3. *Simply offensive.* 4. *It shows how you have been brought up.* 5. *I will put a stop to this impertinence.* 6. *Silence, ladies!* 7. *Pretty conduct!* I am afraid he has had an unruly class. Then the young lady has a little piece of composition which I think is the beginning of a novel. She says: '*The summit of Camberwell Grove, which forms part of the lordly elevation known as Denmark Hill, is one of the most charming and secluded retreats around the great metropolis. Here, in the spring-time, groves of lindens put forth their joyous leaves, and birds of various colours flit through the branches, singing hymns of praise. On the one side, the dreary city dwells behind an enchanted veil of trees; on the other, you pass into emerald fields, which stretch onwards to the Arabian magnificence of the Crystal Palace. In this lofty and picturesque spot, Lord Arthur Beauregard was accustomed to pace, musing on the mystery and gloom which had enveloped him since he left the cradle.*' There is no more of this very good story, but on the next page there is a curious thing. There are three lines all surrounded by a scroll, and do you know what is written?—'*A Woman can do ANYTHING with a man by not contradicting him;*' and underneath the scroll is written, '*Don't I wish this was true? Helen M——.*' None of the rest is written so clearly as this—"

"Count von Rosen, I will not listen to any more!" cried Tita. "It is most unfair of you to have been reading this young lady's confessions—"

"I get them in a public inn: I have the right, have I not?" remonstrated the Lieutenant. "It is not for pleasure

—it is for my instruction that I read. Oh, there are very strange things in this book."

"Pray give it to me," said Bell, quite gently.

He had refused to surrender it to my Lady; but the moment that Bell asked for it, he came forward and handed it in through the window. Then he came in to breakfast.

Little time was spent at breakfast; the sun was shining too brightly outside. We called for our bill, which was brought in. It was entitled "Bill of Fare." Our dinner of the previous evening was called tea, and charged at the rate of one shilling a head. Our breakfasts were one shilling each. Our bedrooms were one shilling each. Any traveller, therefore, who proposes to stay at Bourton-on-the-Hill, cannot do better than put up at the inn of W. Seth Dyde, especially as there is no other; and I heartily wish that he may enjoy something of the pleasant companionship, the moonlight, and the morning freshness that graced our sojourn on the top of this Worcester-shire hill.

Then into the phaeton again, and away we go through the white sunlight and the light morning breeze that is blowing about these lofty woods! There is a resinous odour in the air, coming from the furze and the ferns. The road glares in the sunlight. Overhead the still blue is scarcely flecked by a cloud; but all the same there is a prevailing coolness that makes the driving through the morning air delicious. It is a lonely country—this stretch of forest and field on the high level between Bourton and Broadway. We pass Bourton Clump, and leave Bourton Wood on the right. We skirt Upton Wold, and get on by Furze Heath. Then, all at once, the land in front of us seems to drop down; we come in sight of an immense stretch of blue plain, from which the thin mists of the morning have not wholly risen. We are on the top of the famous Broadway Hill.

By the side of the road there is a strange, old-fashioned little building,

which is apparently a wayside chapel. Count von Rosen jumps down to have a look at this odd relic of our former Catholicism, which has remained on the summit of this hill for several centuries. He can discover nothing but a sign which tells that this sacred edifice now contains wines, spirits, and beer; so he comes back, and goes up to the corner of a field opposite, where a middle-aged man, surrounded by some young folks, is making hay. In the utter stillness of the place, we can hear all the questions and answers. The small building is not so very old; it never was a church. The stones there mark the boundary between Gloucester and Worcester. The view from this place is considered unrivalled for extent; you can see the Black Sandy Mountains on a very clear day.

"Indeed!" says the Count. "Where are they, the mountains you speak of?"

"I don't know, sir—I've heard tell on 'em—I never wur theear."

Going down this steep hill Tita looks anxious. A bad stumble, and we should go rolling over the little wall into the ravine beneath. One has a far-off reminiscence of Switzerland in watching the horses hanging back from the pole in this fashion, while every bend of the road seems more precipitous than its predecessor. Then we get down to the plain, rattle through the level and straggling village of Broadway, and drive into the fields again, where the sun is lying warmer than it was up over the top of the hill.

There is a small boy in a smockfrock sitting underneath the hedge, whistling a stick, while a shepherd's dog lies on the grass beside him.

"Evesham!" calls out the Count, as we pass, merely because there has been a little doubt about the road.

"Naw, zir," was the answer, uttered with a fine *sang-froid*.

Of course we pull up directly.

"Isn't this the way to Evesham?" I ask.

"Yaas, zir," says the boy, coolly looking up from his stick, but sitting still.

"This is the way to Evesham?"

"Yaas, zir."

"Do you know where it is?"

"Naw, zir."

"He is a very cautious boy," says the Lieutenant, as we drive on; "a very cautious boy indeed."

"If he had been asked properly at first," says Bell, with great gravity, "he would have given a proper answer. But when you say 'Evesham?' of course the boy tells you this is not Evesham."

Evesham, when we did get to it, was found to be a very bright, clean, and lively little town, with the river Avon, slowly gliding through flat meadows, forming a sort of loop around it. In the quaint streets a good amount of business seemed to be going on; and as we put up at the Crown, and went off for a brief ramble through the place, we found quite an air of fashion in the costume of the young ladies and the young gentlemen whom we met. But the latter, although they had copied very accurately the Prince of Wales's dress of the previous year, and had very stiff collars and prominent canes, had an odd look of robust health in their cheeks, which showed they were not familiar with Piccadilly and the Park; while the former, although they were very pretty and very neatly attired, ought not to have turned and pretended to look into the shop-windows in order to have a look at Bell's pretty grey dress and hat, and at Queen Titania's more severe, but no less graceful costume. But Evesham does not often entertain two angels unawares; and some little curiosity on the part of its inhabitants may be forgiven.

The people of Evesham are not much given to boating on the Avon; and so—postponing our usual river excursion until we should reach the Severn—Bell besought us to go into a photographer's establishment, and make experiments with our appearance. The artist in question lived in a wooden house on wheels; and there were specimens of his handiwork nailed up outside. Our entrance apparently surprised the photographer, who seemed a little nervous, and perhaps was a trifle afraid

that we should smile at his efforts in art. But surely nothing could be more kindly than Bell's suggestions to him and her conversation with him; for she, as a "professional" herself, conducted the negotiations and arranged the groups. The artist, charmed to see that she knew all about his occult processes, and that she was withal a very courteous and kindly visitor, became almost too confidential with her, and began to talk to her of us three as if we were but blocks of wood and of stone to be played with as these two *savants* chose. Of the result of the various combinations into which we were thus forced, little need be said. Queen Titania came out very well; her pale, dark, clear-cut face telling in every picture, and even making us forget the tawdry bit of brass and the purple velvet of the frame. As for the rest of us, a journey is not a good time to have one's portrait taken. The flush of healthy colour produced by the wind, and by much burning of the sun, may look very well on the natural face, but is apt to produce a different effect on glass.

The Lieutenant, for example, roared with laughter when he saw himself transfigured into a ferocious bandit, with a great black beard, a dark face, and two white holes where his eyes should have been. But the moment he had laughed out, he caught sight of Bell's face. The young lady looked very much vexed, and her eyes were cast down. Instantly the young man said, loud enough for the photographer to hear—

"I do seem to myself very ridiculous in this English costume. When you are used to uniforms for a very long time, and all at once get into this common dress, you think yourself some other person, and you cannot help laughing at the appearance yourself makes."

Bell's eyes said "Thank you" as plainly as eyes could speak; and then she paid a very grave and gentle compliment to the artist, whom we left beaming over with pride and gratitude towards the young lady.

"To go flirting with a travelling

photographer!" says Queen Tita, as we go in to luncheon: "for shame, Bell!"

"No, it was only Mademoiselle's good nature to the poor man," replies the Lieutenant, with an unnecessary tone of earnest protest. "I do think he is the very happiest person in Evesham to-day—that he has not been so happy for many a day."

"I think the portraits are very good," says Bell, bravely, "if you consider how he has to work."

"Now you know you can't excuse yourself, Bell," says my Lady. "You paid him compliments that would have turned any man's head; and as for the truth of them—or rather the unblushing perversion of truth in them——"

But at this moment Tita happened to be passing Bell's chair, and she put her hand very gently on the young lady's head, and patted her cheek—a little caressing action which said more than a thousand protestations of affection.

Our setting out for Worcester was rather a dismal business. Were we school-children who had been playing truant, that we should regard with apprehension a return to town? Or were Bell's vague fears contagious? In vain the Lieutenant sought to cheer her. She knew, and we all of us knew, that if Arthur Ashburton chose to come and ask to see her, nothing could be easier than for him to discover our whereabouts. He was aware of our route, and had been told the names of the principal towns at which we should stop. A party of four arriving from London in a phaeton is not a customary occurrence, and a brief inquiry at the chief hotels in any town would be likely to give him all the information he required.

Then, as we afterwards discovered, Bell had returned no answer to the letter he had sent to Oxford. She had been too much hurt, and had forborne to reply in kind. Who does not know the distracting doubts and fears that an unanswered letter—when one is at a certain age in life—may conjure up, and the terrible suspense that may prompt to the wildest action? We seemed to

share in Bell's dismay. The Lieutenant, however, was light-hearted enough, and, as he relinquished his attempts to break the silence, he sent the horses on at a good pace, and hummed to himself broken snatches of a ballad, and talked caressingly to Castor and Pollux.

When we were a few miles from Evesham, without having seen anywhere a glimpse of the obelisk that stands on the famous Evesham plain, it occurred to us that we might as well ask if we were on the proper road. There seemed a curious quietness and picturesqueness about the wooded lanes through which we were driving in the calm of the twilight. At length we reached a turnpike at the corner of several unfrequented paths, and here an old lady was contentedly sewing, while her assistant, a pretty little girl of thirteen, collected the threepenny-pieces. Well, we had only come about five miles out of our route. Instead of going by Pershore, we had struck away northward, and were now in a labyrinth of country lanes, by any of which we might make our way along through the still landscape to Worcester. Indeed, we had no cause to regret this error. The out-of-the-way road that runs by Flyford Flavell and Broughton Hackett proved to be one of the pleasantest we had traversed. In the clear twilight we found ourselves driving through a silent and picturesque district, the only life visible in which was the abundant game. The partridges that were dusting themselves in the road before us, did not get up and disappear with a strong, level, low flight towards some distant field, but walked sedately into the grass by the roadside, and then passed through the hedge. We saw several pheasants calmly standing at the outskirts of the woods. The plump little rabbits ran about like mice around the fences. The sound of the phaeton wheels was the only noise heard in this peaceful solitude; and as we drove on, the dusk grew apace, and the movements of bird and beast were no longer visible.

Then a new twilight arose—a faint,

clear light shining up from below the horizon, and we knew that the moon would speedily beglittering through the black branches of the woods. The hamlets we passed showed streaks of red within their windows. There were glow-worms in the road—points of blue fire in the vague darkness. Then we drove into the gloom of the avenues of Spetchley Park; and finally, with still another glare appearing in the sky—this time a ruddy hue like the reflection of a great fire—we got nearer and nearer to the busy town, and at last heard the horses' feet clattering on a stone street.

The thoroughfares of Worcester were busy on this Saturday night; but at length we managed to make our way through the people and vehicles up to the Star Hotel. We drove into the spacious archway, and passed into the hall, while the people were bringing in our luggage. The Lieutenant was, as usual, busy in giving orders about everything, when the head waiter came up and begged to know my name. Then he presented a card.

"The gentleman is staying at the 'Crown.' Shall I send him a message, sir?"

"No," says Tita, interposing; "I will write a note, and ask him to come round to dinner—or supper, whichever it ought to be called."

"Oh, has Arthur come?" says Bell, quite calmly.

"So it appears, my dear," says Queen Titania; and as she utters the words, she finds that Von Rosen has come up and has heard.

"All right," he says cheerfully. "It will be a pleasure to have a visitor at dinner, Madame, will it not? It is a pity we cannot take him any further with us when we start on Monday; but I suppose he has come on business to Worcester?"

The Lieutenant took the matter very coolly. He handed Bell and Tita upstairs to look after the disposal of their effects; and then came into the dining-room to see what arrangements had been made about dinner.

"If he behaves himself, that is very

well and good. You must treat him civilly. But if not—if he is foolish and disagreeable, why——"

The Lieutenant did not say what would happen then. He bethought himself of the horses, and strode away down into the darkness of the yard, humming lightly, "*Mädele, ruck, ruck, ruck, an meine grüne Seite!*" He was evidently in no warlike mood.

CHAPTER XI.

APEMANTUS AT THE FEAST.

*"Faire Emmeline scant had ridden a mile,
A mile forth of the town,
When she was aware of her father's men
Come galloping over the downe ;*

*"And foremost came the carlish knight,
Sir John of the north countraye ;
'Nave stop, nave stop, thou false traitoure,
Nor carrye that ladye awaye !'"*

"My dear," I say to Queen Titania, as she is fastening a rose in her hair before going down to dinner, "pray remember that Arthur Ashburton is 'also a vertebrate animal.' He has done nothing monstrous or inhuman in paying you a visit."

"Paying me a visit!" says Tita, impatiently. "If he had come to see me, I should not care. But you know that he has come to pick a quarrel with Bell; and that she is likely to grant him everything he asks; and, if she does not, there will be infinite trouble and vexation. I consider it most provoking—and most thoughtless and inconsiderate on his part—to thrust himself upon us in this way."

"And yet, after all," I say, as she fastens on a bracelet which was given her nearly twenty years ago now, "is there anything more natural? A young man is in love with a young woman——"

"It is his own fault," she interposes.

"Perhaps. So much the worse. He ought all the more to have your compassion, instead of your indignant scorn. Well, she leaves his charming society to go off on a wild rampage through the country. A possible rival accompanies her. The young man is torn asunder

with doubts and fears. He writes to her. She does not answer. His anxiety becomes a madness; and forthwith he sets off in pursuit of her. Is there anything in all this to brand him as an out-cast from humanity?"

"Why, look at the folly of it! If the girl had proper spirit, would it not drive her into refusing him altogether?"

"Foolish, my dear, yes! but not criminal. Now the whole of you seem to look on Arthur as a monster of wickedness, because he is anxious to marry the girl he is fond of."

My Lady alters the disposition of the thin tracery of silver cord which runs through the dark masses of her hair, and as she thus manages to shelve the subject, she says—

"I suppose we shall have a pleasant time at dinner. Arthur will be fiercely amusing. Plenty of sarcasm going about. Deadly looks of hatred. Jokes as heavy as that one Bell talks of—that was carried to the window by four men, and killed a policeman when it tumbled over."

My Lady is gently reminded that this story was told of a German, before the date of Bell's conversion; whereupon she answers coolly—

"Oh, I do not suppose that Count von Rosen is like all Germans. I think he is quite an exception—a very creditable exception. I know I have never met anyone the least like him before."

"But heroes were not common in your county, were they?"

"They were in yours," says Tita, putting her arm within mine, and speaking with the most gracious sweetness; "and that was why they took no notice of you."

We go downstairs. At the head of the large dining-room, in front of the fireplace, a young man is standing. He has a time-table in his hand, which he is pretending to read, and his hat is on his head. He hastily removes that most important part of an Englishman's attire, when my Lady enters the room, and then he comes forward with a certain apprehension and embarrassed look on his face. If he had been grow-

ing nervous about his reception, there was nothing, at all events, to be feared from Queen Titania, who would have welcomed the * * * himself with an effusive courtesy, if only she had regarded it as her duty.

"Oh, Arthur," she says, her whole face lighting up with a gladness which amazed even me, who am accustomed to watch her ways, "I am really delighted to see you. How good of you to come and spend the evening with us on so short a notice. I hope we have not taken you away from any other engagement?"

"No," says the young man, apparently very much touched by this kindness, "and—and—it is I who ought to apologize for breaking in on you like this."

"Then you will spend to-morrow with us also?" says my Lady, quite pleasantly. Indeed, there is nothing like facing the inevitable with a good grace.

"Yes," says Arthur, rather humbly, "if you think I'm not intruding."

"Why, your coming will be quite a relief. I should never have forgiven you if you had been in our neighbourhood without coming to see us."

You might think that this little speech was of the nature of a fib. But it was not, just at that moment. When people are absent, Tita is about as cool, and accurate, and severe in her judgment of them as any woman can be; and she is not disinclined to state her opinion. But once they come near her—and especially if she has to play the part of hostess, and entertain them—the natural and exuberant kindness of the woman drives her into the most curious freaks of unconscious hypocrisy. Half an hour before she had been talking of Arthur in a way that would have considerably astonished that young man, if he had known; and had been looking forward with dismay and vexation to all the embarrassments of his visit. Now, however, that he was there—thrown on her mercy as it were—she showed him a quite inordinate kindness, and that in the most honest way in the world. A couple of minutes sufficed to convince

Arthur that he had at least one firm friend in our household.

He began to look anxiously towards the door. Presently, a voice that he knew pretty well was heard outside ; and then — ominous conjunction ! — the Lieutenant and Bell entered together. Von Rosen had held the door open for his companion, so that Bell advanced first towards our visitor. Her face was quite calm and a trifle reserved ; and yet every one could see that as she shook hands with the young man, there was a timid, half-concealed look of pleasure and welcome in her eyes. He, on his part, was gloomily ceremonious. He scarcely took any notice of the greeting which the Lieutenant carelessly addressed to him. He accompanied us over to the table, and took a seat on the right hand of Tita, with a silence that portended evil. We were likely to have a pleasant evening.

Had he possessed a little more worldly prudence or *savoir faire*, he would now have made some light excuse for his being present. He ought, for form's sake, to have given us to understand that, as he was obliged to be in Oxford, he had come on by rail to pay us a visit. But as it was, no explanation was forthcoming. Our Apemantus had apparently dropped from the skies. He looked very uncomfortable ; and replied in monosyllables to the various and continuous remarks that Tita addressed to him. He had never spoken to Bell, who sat next him, and who was herself silent. Indeed, the constraint and embarrassment from which she was suffering began to vex the Lieutenant, who strove in vain to conquer it by every means in his power.

The barometer steadily fell. The atmosphere grew more and more gloomy, until a storm of some sort was inevitable. The anxious efforts of Queen Tita to introduce some cheerfulness were touching to see ; and as for Bell, she joined in the talk about our journey, and what we had seen, in a series of disconnected observations that were uttered in a low and timid tone, as if she was afraid to draw down lightning from the thunder-clouds.

Lieutenant von Rosen had at first addressed a word or two to our guest ; but finding the labour not productive, he had dropped him entirely out of the conversation. Meanwhile Arthur had drunk a glass or two of sherry. He was evidently nettled at finding the Lieutenant almost monopolizing attention ; for Tita herself had given up in despair, and was content to listen. Von Rosen was speaking as usual of the differences between English and German ways, and social aims, and what not, until at last he drifted into some mention of the Republican phenomena that had recently been manifested in this country.

Now what conceivable connection is there between the irritation of an anxious lover and Republicanism ? Master Arthur had never alarmed any of us by professing wild opinions on that subject or on any other. We never knew that the young man had any political views, beyond a sort of nebulous faith in the Crown and the Constitution. Consider, therefore, our amazement when, at this moment, he boldly and somewhat scornfully announced himself a Democrat, and informed us that the time was come for dismissing old superstitions and destroying the last monopolies of feudalism. There would be a heavy account to settle with the aristocracy that had for generations made laws to secure its own interests, and tied up the land of the country so that an idle population had to drift into the big towns and become paupers. All this was over. New times were at hand. England was ripe for a new revolution ; and woe to them that tried to stem the tide !

The explanation of which outburst was merely this — that Arthur was so angry and impatient with the state of things immediately around him, that he was possessed with a wild desire to upset and destroy something. And there is nothing so easy to upset and destroy, in rhetoric, as the present political basis of this country.

Well, we looked at the lad. His face was still aglow ; and there was something of triumph as well as of

fierceness in it. The hero of the old Silesian song, when his sweetheart has forgotten the vows she made, and the ring she gave him is broken in two, would like to rush away into battle, and sleep by camp-fires, under the still night. But nothing half so ordinary would do for our fire-eater, who, because he could not very well kill a Prussian lieutenant, must needs attack the British Crown. Was there any one of us four inclined to resent this burst of sham heroics? Was there not in it something of the desperation of wretchedness that was far more entitled to awaken compassion? Had Arthur been less in love, he would have been more prudent. Had he controlled his emotions in that admirable fashion with which most of our young gentlemen now-a-days seem to set about the business of choosing a wife, he would not have made himself absurd. There was something almost pitiable in this wild, incoherent, ridiculous effort of a young man to do or say something striking and picturesque before the eyes of a girl whose affections he feared were drifting away from him.

The Lieutenant, to whom this outbreak was particularly addressed, took the affair very good-naturedly. He said, with a smile—

“Do you know who will be the most disappointed, if you should have a Republic in England? Why, the Republicans that are very anxious for it just now. Perhaps some of them are very respectable men—yes, I believe that; but if I am not wrong, the men who make the great fuss about it in your nation are not like that. Agitators—is not that what you call them? And, if you have England a Republic, do you think the government of the country will be given to those noisy persons of the present? No—that is not possible, I think. When the Republic comes, if it does come at all—and I do not know how much force is in this demonstration—all your great men, your well-educated men, your men of good position and good breeding and good feeling—they will all come forward,

as they do now, to see that the country is properly governed. And what will become of the present Republicans, who are angry because they cannot get into Parliament, and who wish for a change that they may become great persons? When you take away the Crown, they will not all be kings, I think: there is too much of good sense in this country, and of public spirit, that makes your best men give up their own comfort to look after the government—and so it will be then.”

“I hope there will be no violent change in our time, at least,” said Queen Tita.

“Madame is anxious about the Church, I know,” remarked the Lieutenant, with great gravity; but he looked at Bell, and Bell could not altogether conceal a smile. Arthur, watching them both, noticed that little bit of private understanding; and the gloom on his face visibly deepened.

This must be said, however, that when an embarrassing evening is unavoidable, a dinner is the best method of tiding it over. The various small incidents of the feast supply any ominous gaps in the conversation; and there is, besides, a thawing influence in good meat and drink which the fiercest of tempers finds it hard to withstand. After the ebullition about Republicanism, Arthur had quieted somewhat. By the time we had got down to the sweets, and perhaps with the aid of a little champagne—the lad never drank much at any time, I ought to say—his anger had become modified into a morose and sentimental melancholy; and when he did manage to speak to Bell, he addressed her in a wistful and pathetic manner, as if she were some one on board a vessel and he saw her gradually going away from him, her friends, and her native land. One little revelation, nevertheless, comforted him greatly; and lovers apt to magnify their misfortunes will note that he might have enjoyed this solace long before if only he had exercised the most ordinary frankness.

“You got a letter I sent you to

Oxford, I suppose?" he said, with a studied carelessness.

"Yes," said Bell, with a little conscious colour in her face, as she bent down her eyes.

"I am glad I had the chance of seeing you to-night," he continued, with the same effort at self-possession, "because I—I fancied you might be unwell—or some accident happened—since you did not send the telegram I begged of you."

Here an awful moment of silence intervened. Everybody trembled for Bell's reply, which might provoke the catastrophe we had been seeking to postpone.

"It was only yesterday forenoon I got your letter," Bell says, apparently feeling the silence uncomfortable; "and—and I meant to have answered it to-night——"

"Oh, you were going to answer it?" he says, with his face suddenly getting bright.

"Yes," she says, looking up with some surprise. "You did not suppose I wouldn't answer it?"

In fact, that was just what he had supposed, considering that she had been grievously offended by the tone of his letter.

"I meant to have let you know how we all were, and how far we had got," says Bell, conveying an intimation that this sort of letter might be sent by anybody to anybody.

Nevertheless, Arthur greatly recovered himself after this assurance. She had not broken off with him, after all. He explained that the letter must have been delayed on the way, or she would have got it the day before. He drank another glass of champagne, and said, with a laugh, that he had meditated surprising us, but that the design had failed, for everyone seemed to have expected him.

"I only came down this afternoon; and I suppose I must go back on Monday," he remarked, ruefully.

This looked so very like a request for an invitation that I was bound to offer him a seat in the phaeton, if he did not
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mind a little discomfort. You should have seen the look of amazement and indignation which my Lady darted across the table at this moment. Fortunately, Arthur did not notice it. He said he was very much obliged—he feared he would have to return—if he went with us for a day or two, he would inconvenience us sadly—but he would consider it before Monday morning.

After dinner, Von Rosen got up and proposed that he and I should go down to the billiard-room—which is in the end of the building abutting on the stable-yard—and smoke a cigar. Surely generosity could go no further. Arthur looked surprised; and wore quite a pleasant smile on his face when we rose and left.

But perhaps it was merely selfishness that caused our Uhlman to leave the field; for as we two went down the passage, and made our way up to the spacious room, he said—

"I am rather sorry for mademoiselle. She does not seem to be very glad to meet her old friend—perhaps because he is not in a good temper. That is why I did say we should go and play billiards—there will be a chance of explanation—and to-morrow he will be all right. It is foolish of him to be disagreeable. All this time of dinner, I was thinking to myself how well he might make himself agreeable if he only wished—with knowing all the polite phrases with ease, and being able to talk without thinking. For me, that is different, you know. I am bound in by stupid limits; and when I think to say something nice to anyone—then I stop because I know nothing of the words—just like at a wall."

He sent the red ball up and down the table in rather a peevish manner; he felt that Arthur had an advantage perhaps.

"But you talk English remarkably well."

"But I have remarked that you English always say that to a foreigner, and will not tell him when he is wrong. I know I am often wrong—and always about

your past tenses—your '*was loving*' and '*did love*,' and '*loved*' and like that; and I believe I am very wrong with always saying '*do*' and '*did*,' for I studied to give myself free speaking English many years ago, and the book I studied with was 'Pepys' Diary,' because it is all written in the first person, and by a man of good station. Now I find you do not say '*I did think*,' but '*I thought*,' only it is very hard to remember. And as for pronunciation, I know I am very wrong."

Well, he certainly had marked forms of pronunciation, which I have considered it unnecessary to reproduce in recording his talk. He said '*I hef*' for '*I have*,' and '*a goot shavet*' for '*a good shot*.' He also made occasional blunders in accent, through adopting the accent of the Latin word from which the English word is derived. But what were such trifles to the main fact that he could make himself understood?

"But this is very strange," he said; "how much more clearly Mademoiselle speaks than any English lady, or any English person I have known yet. It is very remarkable to me, how I have great difficulty to follow people who talk like as if they had several tongues rolling in their mouth—and others speak very fast—and others let the ends of the words slide away—but Miss Bell, she is always clear, distinct, and very pleasant to hear, and then she never speaks very loud as most of your people do to a foreigner."

"Perhaps," I say, "there is a reason for Bell's clearness of speech."

"Why?"

"Perhaps she takes pains to be very distinct in talking to you, while she manages not to show it. Perhaps other people can notice that she speaks with a little more deliberation to you than to anyone else."

Von Rosen was obviously much struck.

"Is that possible?" he said, with his eyes full of wonder. "I have not noticed that she did talk slow to me."

"No—she conceals it admirably; but

all the same such is the fact. It is not so much slowness as a sort of careful precision of pronunciation that she affects—and you ought to be very grateful for such consideration."

"Oh, I think it is very good of her—very good indeed—and I would thank her for it——"

"Don't do that, or you will have no more of it. And at present my Lady is catching up a trick of talking in the same way."

"It is very kind," said the Lieutenant, turning to the table with rather a thoughtful manner. "You would not have expected a young girl like that to be so reflective of other people."

Then he broke the balls; and by fair strength of arm screwed the white into the corner pocket. Nobody was more astonished than himself, except the marker. It was, indeed, the first losing hazard he had ever made; never having played before on a table with pockets. His next stroke was not so successful; and so he consoled himself with lighting a Partaga about eight inches in length.

"At all events," he continued, "your language has not the difference of '*Sie*' and '*du*,' which is a great advantage. Oh, it is a very perplexing thing sometimes. Suppose you do know a young lady very well, and you have agreed with her in private you shall always call each other '*du*,' and then before other people you call her '*Sie*'—it is very hard not to call her '*du*,' by mistake, and then everyone jumps up, and stares at you, and all the secret is known. That is a very terrible thing."

"And please what is the interesting ceremony with which you drink *brüderschaft* with a young lady? The same as usual?—a large jug of beer—your arms intertwined——"

"No—no—no!" he cried. "It is all a mystery. You shall not know anything of that. But it is very good—it is a very pleasant thing—to have *brüderschaft* with a young lady—although you drink no beer, and have no ceremonies about it."

"And what did *Fraulein Fallersleben's*—

mamma say when you called her daughter 'du' by mistake?"

The large empty room resounded with the Lieutenant's laughter.

"That is a good guess—oh! a very good guess—but not just good enough. For it was she who did call me 'du'; and all the people were surprised—and then some did laugh—but she herself—oh! she was very angry with herself, and with me too, and for some time she called me 'Sie' even when we were together, until it was like to be a quarrel. But one more quarrel," added the Lieutenant, with indifference, "was not much matter. It was usually one every day—and then writing of sorrowful letters at the night—and next morning some reconciliation——*Sackermant!* what is the use of talking of all that nonsense!"

And then once more the ball flew about the table; finally lodging in a pocket, and scoring three for a miss. Indeed, our Uhlan was not at home with our big English tables, their small balls, pointed cues, and perpetual pockets. Even when he got a good chance of a cannon, the smallness of the balls caused him to fail entirely. But he had a very excellent cigar. It was something to be away from the embarrassment that had prevailed at dinner. Perhaps, too, he enjoyed a certain sense of austere self-satisfaction in having left to Arthur full possession of the field. On the whole he enjoyed himself very well; and then, our cigars being finished, we had a final look at the horses, and then returned to the coffee-room.

"I am afraid," said Von Rosen, with some alarm, "we have been negligent of our duties."

Master Arthur had left some half-hour before. The ladies had retired. Only one or two of the heaviest topers were left in the bar-parlour; the waiters looked as if they considered their week's work fairly over.

"Tell me," said my Prussian friend, as he got his candle, "is that young gentleman coming round here to-morrow?"

"Probably he is."

"Do you not think, then, it would be good to hire a vehicle and go away somewhere for a drive all the day before he comes?"

"To-morrow is Sunday."

"Well?"

"Do you fancy you would get either Bell or my Lady to go driving on Sunday? Don't you propose such a thing, if you are wise. There is a Cathedral in this town; and the best thing you can do is to study its history and associations early in the morning. You will have plenty of time to think over them to-morrow, inside the building itself."

"Oh, I do not object to that," he remarked, coolly, as he went upstairs, "and I do not care to have too much driving—it is only to prevent Mademoiselle being annoyed, as I think she was at dinner this evening—that is all. I suppose we may go for a walk to-morrow after the church-time? And he will come? Very well, he will not harm me, I am sure; but—but it is a pity—that is all."

And with this somewhat mysterious conclusion, the Lieutenant disappeared towards his own room.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RIVALS.

*"When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower."*

"If we could only get over this one day,"—that was the burden of Tita's complaining the next morning. Arthur had been invited to breakfast, and had declined; but he was coming round to go with us to the Cathedral. Thereafter, everything to Tita's mind was chaos. She dared hardly think of what the day might bring forth. In vain I pointed out to her that this day was but as another day; and that if any deeds of wrath or vengeance were hidden away in the vague intentions of our young friend from Twickenham, there

was no particular safety gained in tiding over a single Sunday.

"At all events," says my Lady, firmly, "you cannot do anything so imprudent as press him to accompany us further on our journey."

"Cannot the phaeton hold five?"

"You know it cannot, comfortably. But that is not the question. For my own part, I don't choose to have a holiday spoilt by provoking a series of painful scenes, which I know will occur. We may manage to humour him to-day, and get him to leave us in an amiable mood; but it would be impossible to do it two days running. And I am not sure even about this one day."

"But what prevents his dropping down on us at any time—say at Shrewsbury—or Chester—or Carlisle—just as he has done here at Worcester?"

"I will."

That was enough. Having some regard for the young man, I hoped he would submit quietly. But lovers are headstrong; and jealousy, when it is thoroughly aroused, leaves no place in the mind for fear.

It was a bright morning. We could see, through the wire screens of the windows, the Worcester folks walking along the pavements, with the sunlight shining on their Sunday finery.

The Lieutenant, as we hurriedly despatched breakfast—for we were rather late—gave us his usual report.

"A very fine town," he said, addressing himself chiefly to Tita, who was always much interested in his morning rambles, "with old religious buildings, and houses with ivy, and high walls to keep back the river. There is a large race-course, too, by the river; and on the other side a fine suburb, built on a high bank, among trees. There are many pleasant walks by the Severn, when you get further down; but I will show you all the place when we go out of the Cathedral. This is a great day at the Cathedral, they say—a Chief Sheriff of the county, I think they call

him, is living at this hotel, and he is going, and you see those people?—they are loitering about to see him drive away."

Even as he spoke, two resplendent creatures, in grey and gold, resembling beef-eaters toned down in colour and gilded, advanced to the archway of the hotel, with long trumpets in their hand. These they suddenly lifted, and then down the quiet street sounded a loud *fanfare*, which was very much like those announcements that tell us, in an historical play, that the King approaches. Then a vehicle drove away from the door; the High Sheriff had gone to the Cathedral; while our breakfast was not even yet finished.

"He does not have the trumpets sounded every time he leaves the hotel?" said the Lieutenant, returning from the window. "Then why when he goes to church? Is it exceptional for a High Sheriff to go to church, that he calls attention to it with trumpets?"

At this moment, Arthur entered the room. He glanced at us all rather nervously. There was less complaisance, too, in his manner, than when we last saw him; the soothing influences of dinner had departed. He saluted us all in a somewhat cool way, and then addressed himself exclusively to my Lady. For Bell he had scarcely a word.

It is hard to say how Queen Tita managed, as we left the hotel, to attach Bell and herself to Master Arthur; but such was the result of her dexterous manoeuvres; and in this fashion we hurriedly walked along to the Cathedral. There was a great commotion visible around the splendid building. A considerable crowd had collected to see the High Sheriff; and policemen were keeping a lane for those who wished to enter. Seeing that we were late, and that the High Sheriff was sure to draw many after him, we scarcely expected to get inside; but that, at least, was vouchsafed us, and presently we found ourselves slipping quietly over the stone flooring. All the seats in the body of

the building being occupied, we took up a position by one of the great pillars, and there were confronted by a scene sufficiently impressive to those of us who had been accustomed to the ministrations of a small parish church.

Far away before us rose the tall and graceful lines of the architecture, until, in the distance, they were lost in a haze of sunlight streaming in from the south—a glow of golden mist that struck upon the northern pillars, throwing up a vague reflection that showed us something of the airy region in which the lines of the great arches met. We could catch a glimpse, too, of the white-dressed choir, beyond the sombre mass of the people that filled the nave. And when the hushed, deep tones of the organ prelude had ceased to sound along the lofty aisles, there rose the distant and plaintive chanting of the boys—then the richer tones of the bass came in—and then again burst forth that clear, sweet, triumphant soprano, that seemed to be but a single voice ringing softly and distantly through the great building. I knew what would occur then. Somehow Tita managed to slip away from us, and get into the shadow of the pillar, with her head bent down, and her hand clasped in Bell's; and the girl stood so that no one should see her friend's face, for there were tears running fast down it. It is a sad story, that has been already briefly mentioned in these memoranda. Many years ago she lost a young brother, to whom she was deeply attached. He used to sing in the choir of the village church. Now, whenever she listens to a choir singing that she cannot see, nothing will convince her that she does not hear the voice of her brother in the clear, distant music; and more than once it has happened that the uncontrollable emotions caused by this wild superstition have thoroughly unnerved her. For days after, she has been haunted by the sound of that voice, as if it had brought her a message from the other world—as if she had been nearly vouchsafed a vision that had been somehow snatched away from

her, leaving behind an unexplained longing and unrest. Partly on that account, and partly by reason of the weariness produced by constant standing, we were not sorry to slip out of the Cathedral when the first portion of the service was over; and so we found ourselves once more in the sweet air and the sunlight.

There was an awkward pause. Tita rather fell behind, and endeavoured to keep herself out of sight; while the other members of the party seemed uncertain as to how they should attach themselves. Fortunately, our first movement was to go round and inspect the curious remains of the old Cathedral, which are yet visible; and as these were close at hand, we started off in a promiscuous manner, and got round and under King Edgar's tower without any open rupture.

How still and quiet lay the neighbourhood of the great church on this beautiful Sunday morning! It seemed as if all the life of the place were gathered within that noble building; while out here the winds from over the meadows, and the sunlight, and the fleecy clouds overhead, were left to play about the strange old passages, and sunken arches, and massive gateways, and other relics of former centuries. The bright light that lay warm on the fresh grass, and on the ivied walls about, lit up the flaky red surface of the old tower, and showed us the bruised effigy of King Edgar in sharp outline; while through the gloom of the archway we could see beyond the shimmering green light of a mass of elms, with their leaves moving in the sun. From thence we passed down to the river wall, where the Lieutenant read aloud the following legend inscribed near the gate:—"On the 18th of November, 1770, the Flood rose to the lower edge of this Brass Plate, being ten inches higher than the Flood which happen'd on December 23, 1672." And then we went through the arch, and found ourselves on the banks of the Severn, with its bridges and boats and locks,

and fair green meadows, all as bright and as cheerful as sunlight could make them.

Tita and myself, I know, would at this moment have given a good deal to get away from these young folks and their affairs. What business of ours was it that there should be a "third wheel to the cart," as the Germans say? Arthur was sadly out of place; but how could we help it? My Lady having fallen rather behind as we started on our leisurely stroll along the river, Bell, the Lieutenant, and Arthur were forced to precede us. The poor girl was almost silent between them. Von Rosen was pointing out the various objects along the stream; Arthur, in no amiable mood, throwing in an occasional sarcastic comment. Then more silence. Arthur breaks away from them, and honours us with his company. Sometimes he listens to what my Lady says to him; but more often he does not, and only scowls at the two young folks in front of us. He makes irrelevant replies. There is a fierceness in his look. I think at this moment he would have been glad to have embraced Mormonism, or avowed his belief in Strauss, or done anything else desperate and wicked.

Why, it was natural to ask, should this gentle little woman by my side be vexed by these evil humours and perversities—her vexation taking the form of a profound compassion, and a desire that she could secure the happiness of all of them? The morning was a miracle of freshness. The banks of the Severn, once you leave Worcester, are singularly beautiful. Before us were islands, set amid tall river weeds, and covered with thick growths of bushes. A grey shimmering of willows came in as a line between the bold blue of the stream and the paler blue and white of the sky. Some tall poplars stood sharp and black against the light green of the meadows behind; and far away these level and sunlit meadows stretched over to Malvern Chase and to the thin line of blue hill along the horizon. Then

the various boats—a group of richly-coloured cattle in the fields—a few boys bathing under the shadow of a great bank of yellow sand—all went to make up as bright and pretty a river-picture as one could wish for. And here we were almost afraid to speak, lest an incautious word should summon up thunder-clouds and provoke an explosion.

"Have you any idea when you will reach Scotland?" says Arthur, still glaring at the Lieutenant and his companion.

"No," replies Tita; "we are in no hurry."

"Won't you get tired of it?"

"I don't think so at all. But if we do, we can stop."

"You will go through the Lake Country, of course?"

"Yes."

"It is sure to be wet there," said the young man.

"You don't give us much encouragement," says my Lady, gently.

"Oh," he replies, "if people break away from the ordinary methods of enjoying a holiday, of course they must take their chance. In Scotland you are sure to have bad weather. It always rains there."

Arthur was determined that we should look upon the future stages of our journey with the most agreeable anticipations.

"Then," he says, "suppose your horses break down?"

"They won't," says Tita, with a smile. "They know they are going to the land of oats. They will be in excellent spirits all the way."

Master Arthur went on to add—

"I have always found that the worst of driving about with people was that it threw you so completely on the society of certain persons; and you are bound to quarrel with them."

"That has not been *our* experience," says my Lady, with that gracious manner of hers which means much.

Of course she would not admit that her playful skirmishes with the person

whom, above all others, she ought to respect, could be regarded as real quarrels. But at this point the Lieutenant lingered for a moment to ask my Lady a question; and as Bell also stopped and turned, Tita says to him, with an air of infinite amusement—

"We have not quarrelled yet, Count von Rosen?"

"I hope not, Madame," says our Uhlan, respectfully.

"Because," she continued, with a little laugh, "Arthur thinks we are sure to disagree, merely on account of our being thrown so much into each other's company."

"I think quite the opposite will be the result of our society," says the Lieutenant.

"Of course I did not refer particularly to you," said Arthur, coldly. "There are some men so happily constituted that it is of no consequence to them how they are regarded by their companions. Of course they are always well satisfied."

"And it is a very good thing to be well satisfied," says the Lieutenant, cheerfully enough, "and much better than to be ill satisfied and of much trouble to your friends. I think, sir, when you are as old as I, and have been over the world as much, you will think more of the men who are well satisfied."

"I hope my experience of the world," says Arthur, with a certain determination in his tone, "will not be gained by receiving pay to be sent to invade a foreign country——"

"Oh, Count von Rosen," says Bell, to call his attention.

"Mademoiselle!" he says, turning instantly towards her, although he had heard every word of Arthur's speech.

"Can you tell me the German name of that tall pink flower close down by the edge of the water?"

And so they walked on once more; and we got further away from the city—with its mass of slates and spires getting faint in the haze of the sunlight—and into the still greenness of the country,

where the path by the river-side lay through deep meadows.

It was hard, after all. He had come from London to get speech of his sweetheart, and he found her walking through green meadows with somebody else. No mortal man—and least of all a young fellow not confident of his own position, and inclined to be rather nervous and anxious—could suffer this with equanimity; but then it was a question how far it was his own fault.

"Why don't you go and talk to Bell?" says my Lady to him, in a low voice.

"Oh, I don't care to thrust my society on anyone," he says aloud, with an assumption of indifference. "There are people who do not know the difference between an old friendship and a new acquaintance—I do not seek to interfere with their tastes. But of course there is a meaning in everything. What are those lines of Pope's—

"O say, what stranger cause, yet unexplored,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?"

I should not attempt to cure a woman of her instinctive liking for a title."

Tita placed her hand on his arm. After all, this excited young man was an old friend of hers; and it seemed a pity to see him thus determined to ruin his own cause. But the light talking we heard in front seemed to say that the "gentle belle" had not overheard that pretty speech and its interesting quotation.

At length, coming to a sudden bend in the river, the Lieutenant and his companion proposed that we should rest for a while; and accordingly we chose out comfortable seats on the steep green bank, covered by bushes and trees, which here slopes down to the stream. The picture that lay before and around us was sufficient to have calmed the various moods and passions of these young folks, if they had but had eyes for anything but their own affairs. Bell was the only one who paid attention to the world of bright colours that lay around. The Lieutenant—imperturbable, easy in man-

ner, and very attentive to her—was nevertheless obviously on the watch, and certain to resent any remark that might by chance miss him and glance by towards her. Certainly, these were not comfortable conditions for a pleasant walk. Tita afterwards declared that she was calculating with satisfaction that she had already got through several hours of that terrible day.

The sun was shining far away on the blue Malvern hills. Along the level meadows the lines of pollard willows were grey and silvery in the breezy light. Close at hand the rich masses of green were broken by the red sandstone bank opposite; while the tall trees above sent straggling duplicates of themselves—coloured in deep chocolate-brown—down into the lazy stream that flowed beneath us. And as we sat there and listened for the first ominous observation of one or another of these young folks, lo! there glided into the clear white and blue channel of the river a gaily-bedizened barge that gleamed and glittered in the sunlight and sent quivering lines of colour down into the water. The horse came slowly along the road. The long rope rustled over the brushwood on the bank, and splashed on the surface of the stream. The orange and scarlet bands of the barge stole away up and through that world of soft greenness that lay under the shadow of the opposite bank; and then the horse, and rope, and driver turned the corner of a field, and we saw them no more.

The appearance of the barge had provoked attention, and secured silence. When it was gone the Lieutenant turned carelessly to Arthur, and said—

"Do you go back to London to-morrow?"

"I don't know," said the young man, gloomily.

"It is such a pity you can't come with us, Arthur," says Bell, very gently, as if begging for a civil reply.

"I have no doubt you will enjoy yourselves very well," he replies, with a certain coldness in his tone.

"We have hitherto," she says, look-

ing down; "the weather has been so good—and—and the scenery was so pleasant—and—and——"

It was Arthur himself, singularly enough, who came to the rescue, little knowing that he was affording her such relief.

"I don't think you have chosen the right road," he remarked. "The real reminiscences of the old stage-coach days you will find on the York and Berwick road to Scotland. I never heard of anyone going to Scotland this way."

"Why," says one of the party, with a laugh that seemed to startle the silence around, "that is the very reason we chose it."

"I have been thinking for some time," he says, coldly, "of getting a dog-cart and driving up the old route to Scotland."

The heavens did not fall on him. Queen Tita looked at the tips of her gloves, and said nothing; but Bell, having less of scepticism about her, immediately cried out—

"Oh, Arthur, don't do that, it will be dreadfully wretched for you going away on such an excursion by yourself."

But the young man saw that his proposal—I will swear it had never entered his brain before that very minute—had produced an effect; and treated it as a definite resolve.

"At least, if you are going, you might as well come with us, or meet us further on, where the roads join," says Bell.

"No, I am not so mad as to go your way," he replied, with an air of disdain. "I shall keep out of the rainy districts, and I mean to go where one can find traces of the old times still hanging about."

"And pray," I venture to ask him, "are all the old inns confined to one part of this unfortunate country? And were there no ways of getting to Scotland but by York and Berwick? Why, over the whole country there is a network of routes along which stage-coaches used to run. And if you should

be tired of driving alone, you can do no better than strike across country from York by the old coach-road that comes on to Penrith, and so go up with us through Carlisle and Moffat on to Edinburgh."

"I am not so sure that I shall go alone," he said, quite fiercely.

What did the boy mean? Was he going to drive a white elephant about the country?

"Do you know much of the management of horses?" says the Lieutenant, meaning no harm whatever.

"Arthur is in the volunteer artillery, —the field artillery, do they call it?—and of course he has to manage horses," explains my Lady.

"Oh, you are a volunteer?" said the Lieutenant with quite an accession of interest. "That is a very good thing. I think all the young men of this country would do much good to their health and their knowledge by being volunteers and serving a time of military service."

"But we don't like compulsion here," says Arthur, bluntly.

"That," retorts the Lieutenant, with a laugh, "is why you are at present a very ill-educated country."

"At all events," says Arthur, rather hotly, "we are educated well enough to have thrown aside the old superstitions of feudalism and divine right; and we are too well educated to suffer a despotic government and a privileged aristocracy to have it all their own way."

"Oh, you do talk of Prussia," said the Count. "Well, we are not perfect in Prussia. We have many things to learn and to do, that we might have done if we had been preserved round about by the sea, like you. But I think we have done very well for all that: and if we have a despotic government, which I do not think, it is perhaps because what is good for England is not always good for every other country; and if we have an aristocracy, they work for the country just like the sons of the peasants, when they go into the army, and get small pay, instead of going

abroad like your aristocracy, and gambling away their fortunes to the Jews and the horse-dealers, and getting into debt and making very much fools of themselves."

"When we of this country," says Arthur, proudly, "see the necessity of military preparations, we join the ranks of a body that accepts no pay, but is none the less qualified to fight when that is wanted."

"Oh, I do say nothing against your volunteers. No, on the contrary, I think it is an excellent thing for the young men. And it would be better if the service was continuous for one, two, three years—and they go away into barrack life—and have much drill and exercise in the open air, and make the young men of the cities hardy and strong. That would be a very good army then, I think; for when the men are intelligent and educated, they have less chance of panic—which is the worst that can happen in a battle—and they will not skulk away, or lose their courage, because they have so much self-respect. But I do not know whether this is safer—to have the more ignorant men of the peasantry and country people who will take their drill like machines and go through it all, and continue firing in great danger, because they are like machines. Now, if you had your towns fighting against the country, and if you had your town volunteers and your country regiments with the same amount of instruction, I think the country troops would win, although each man might not have as much patriotism and education and self-respect as in the town soldiers. Because the country troops would march long distances—and would not be hurt much by rain or the sleeping out at night—and they would go through their duties like machines when the fight commenced. But your city volunteers—they have not yet got anything like the training of your regular troops that come from the country villages and towns."

"I know this," says Arthur, "that if there was to be an invasion of this

country by Prussia, a regiment of our city volunteers would not be afraid to meet a regiment of your professional soldiers, however countrified and mechanical they may be——"

"Ah, but that is a great mistake you make," says the Lieutenant, taking no notice of the challenge; "our soldiers are not of any single class—they are from all classes, from all towns, and villages, and cities alike—much more like your volunteers than your regular soldiers, only that they have some more drill and experience than your volunteers. And what do you say of an invasion? I have heard some people talk of that nonsense—but only in England. Is it that you are afraid of invasion that you imagine these foolish things, and talk so much of it?"

"No, we are not afraid of it——" says Arthur, evidently casting about for some biting epigram.

"Yet no one in all Europe speaks or thinks of such a thing but a few of your people here, who give great amusement to us at home."

"There would be amusement of another sort going," says Arthur, getting a little red.

And just at this instant, before he has time to finish the sentence, Tita utters a little scream. A stone has splashed into the stream beneath us. The author of the menace is unknown—being probably one of a gang of young rascals hidden behind the bushes on the other side of the river—but it is certainly not anger that dwells in my Lady's bosom with regard to that concealed enemy. He has afforded her relief at a most critical moment; and now she prevents Arthur returning to the subject by proposing that we should walk back to Worcester; her suggestion being fully understood to be a command.

We set out. The Lieutenant willfully separates himself from Bell. He joins us elderly folks on the pretence of being much interested in this question of Volunteer service—and Bell and Arthur are perforce thrown together. They walk on in front of us, in rather an embarrassed

way. Bell's looks are cast down; Arthur speaks in a loud voice, to let us know that he is only talking about the most common-place affairs. But at the first stile we go through, they manage to fall behind; and when, at intervals, we turn to see how the river and the meadows and the groves of trees look in the sunshine, we find the distance between us and the young couple gradually increasing, until they are but two almost undistinguishable figures pacing along the banks of the broad stream.

"Well, we have got so far over the day!" said my Lady, with a sigh. "But I suppose we must ask him to dine with us."

"Is it necessary, Madame?" says the Lieutenant. "But perhaps you might ask him to bring better manners with him."

"I am afraid he has been very rude to you," said Tita, with some show of compunction.

"To me? No. That is not of any consequence whatever, but I did think that all this pleasant walk has been spoiled to Mademoiselle and yourself by—by what shall I say?—not rudeness, but a fear of rudeness. And yet, what reason is there for it?"

"I don't know," was the reply, uttered in rather a low voice. "But I hope Bell is not being annoyed by him now."

You see, that was the way in which they had got to regard this unfortunate youth—as a sort of necessary evil, which was to be accepted with such equanimity as Heaven had granted to the various sufferers. It never occurred to them to look at the matter from Arthur's point of view, or to reflect that there was probably no more wretched creature in the whole of England than he was during this memorable Sunday.

Consider how he spent the day. It was the one day on which he would have the chance of seeing Bell for an unknown period. He comes round in the morning to find her sitting at breakfast with his rival. He accompanies them on a walk into the country; finds

himself "the third wheel to the cart," and falls behind to enjoy the spectacle of seeing her walk by the side of this other man, talking to him, and sharing with him the beautiful sights and sounds around. Ye who have been transfixed by the red-hot skewers of jealousy, think of the torture which this wretched young man suffered on this quiet Sunday morning. Then as he walks home with her, he finds her, as we afterwards learn, annoyed about certain remarks of his. He explains in a somewhat saucy manner, and makes matters worse. Then he takes to reproaches, and bids her reflect on what people will say; and here again he goes from one blunder to another in talking in such a fashion to a proud and high-spirited girl, who cannot suffer herself to be suspected. In his blindness of anger and jealousy, he endeavours to asperse the character of the Lieutenant—he is like other officers—everyone knows what the Prussian officers, in general, are—what is the meaning of this thing, and the dark suspicion suggested by that? To all of these representations Bell replies with some little natural warmth. He is driven wild by her defence of his rival. He declares that he knows something about the Lieutenant's reputation—and then she, probably with a little paleness in her face, stands still, and asks him calmly to say what it is. He will not. He is not going to carry tales. Only, when an English lady has so little care of what people may say as to accept this foreign adventurer as her companion during a long journey—

That was all that Bell subsequently told Tita. The boy was obviously mad and reckless, but none the less he had wrought such mischief as he little dreamed of in uttering these wild complaints and suspicions. When we got back to the hotel, he and Bell had overtaken us, and they had the appearance of not being on the best of terms. In fact, they had maintained silence for the last quarter of an hour of the walk.

My Lady asked Arthur to dine with us at seven; so that during the interval

he was practically dismissed. Seven came, and Arthur appeared. He was in evening dress; conveying a rebuke to uncouth people like ourselves, who were in our ordinary travelling costume. But Bell's seat was vacant. After we had waited a few minutes, Queen Tita went to inquire for her, and in a few minutes returned.

"Bell is very sorry, but she has a headache, and would rather not come down to dinner."

Arthur looked up with an alarmed face; the Lieutenant scowled; and Tita, taking her seat, said she was afraid we had walked too far in the morning. Strange. If you had seen our Bell walking lightly up to the top of Box-hill and running down again—just by way of amusement before lunch—you would not have expected that a short walk of a mile or two along a level river-course would have had such an effect. But so it was; and we had dinner before us.

It was not an enlivening meal; and the less said about it the better. Arthur talked much of his driving to Scotland in a dog-cart, and magnified the advantages of the York route over that we were now following. It is quite certain that he had never thought of such a thing before that morning; but the attention that had been drawn to it, and the manner in which he had been led to boast of it, promised actually to commit him to this piece of folly. The mere suggestion of it had occurred at the impulse of a momentary vexation; but the more he talked of it, the more he pledged himself to carry out his preposterous scheme. Tita heard and wondered, scarcely believing; but I could see plainly that the young man was determined to fulfil his promise if only by way of triumphant bravado, to show his independence of us, and perhaps inspire Bell with envy and regret.

When he left that night, something was said about his coming to see us away on the following morning. Tita had shown her usual consideration in not referring at all to our drive of the next day, which she understood was to be through the

most charming scenery. And when, that same night, she expressed a vague desire that we might slip away on the next morning before Arthur had come, it was with no thought of carrying such a plan into execution. Perhaps she thought with some pity of the young man who, after seeing us drive away

again into the country, and the sweet air, and the sunlight, would return disconsolately to his dingy rooms in the Temple, there to think of his absent sweetheart, or else to meditate that wild journey along a parallel line which was to show her that he, too, had his enjoyments.

[*Note.*—I find that the remarks which Queen Titania appended to the foregoing pages when they were written, have since been torn off; and I can guess the reason. A few days ago I received a letter, sent under cover to the publishers, which bore the address of that portion of the country familiarly called "the Dukeries." It was written in a feminine hand, and signed with a family name which has some historical pretensions. Now these were the observations which this silly person in high places had to communicate:—"Sir, I hope you will forgive my intruding myself upon you in this way; but I am anxious to know whether you really do think living with such a woman as your wife is represented to be, is really a matter for rail-lery and amusement. My object in writing to you is to say that, if you can treat lightly the fact of a wife being waspish at every turn, cuffing her boys' ears, and talking of whipping, it would have been better not to have made your extraordinary complaisance public; for what is to prevent the most ill-tempered woman pointing to these pages, and saying that that is how a reasonable husband would deal with her? If it is your misfortune to have an ill-tempered wife, you ought not to try to persuade people that you are rather proud of it. Pray forgive my writing thus frankly to you; and I am, Sir, your obedient servant, ————." By a great mischance I left this letter lying open on the breakfast-table; and Tita, coming in, and being attracted by the crest in gold and colours on the paper, took it up. With some dismay, I watched her read it. She laid it down—stood irresolute for a moment, with her lips getting rather tremulous—then she suddenly fled into the haven she had often sought before, and looking up with the clear brown eyes showing themselves frightened and pained, like those of some dumb creature struck to the heart, she said, "Is it true? Am I really ill-tempered? Do I really vex you very much?" You may be sure that elderly lady up in Nottinghamshire had an evil quarter of an hour of it when we proceeded to discuss the question, and when Queen Tita had been pacified and reassured. "But we ought to have known," she said. "Count von Rosen warned us that stupid persons would make the mistake. And to say that I cuffed my boys' ears! Why, you know that even in the *Magazine* it says that I cuffed the boys and kissed them at the same time—of course, in fun—and I threatened to whip the whole house—of course, in fun, you know, when everybody was in good spirits about going away—and now that wicked old woman would make me out an unnatural mother, and a bad wife, and I don't know what! I—I—I will get Bell to draw a portrait of her, and put it in an exhibition—that would serve her right." And forthwith she sat down and wrote to the two boys at Twickenham, promising them I know not what luxuries and extravagances when they came home for the Easter holidays. But she is offended with the public, all through that gabbling old lady in Notts; and will have no more communication with it, at least for the present.]

To be continued.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

"Nothing in the history of our constitution," says Sir Erskine May, "is more remarkable than the permanence of every institution forming part of the Government of the country, while undergoing continual and often extraordinary changes in its powers, privileges, and influence." Again: "No institution has undergone greater changes than the House of Lords." "In its numbers, its composition and its influence, it is difficult to recognize its identity with the 'Great Council' of a former age. But the changes which it has undergone have served to bring this great institution into harmony with other parts of the constitution, and with the social condition of the people." The Reform Bill of 1832 affected the Peers almost as much as it did the Commons. The Reform Bill of 1867 has transferred the chief control of the elections from one class to another; and when the Ballot has been in use a few years, we shall probably find the House of Commons greatly affected by the transfer of power already made from the middle class to the rapidly organizing wages class. But no recent change has been made in the House of Lords. That some improvement in that august assembly is deemed necessary and is near at hand is evident: the press and the magazines have the subject in hand; a conference has been held on this most important matter, which failed because while very few men are satisfied with the present constitution and position of the Upper Chamber, still fewer wish to hand over the entire government of the country to the House of Commons.

Not only has Mr. Bright said "that such an institution must in the course of time require essential modification," but Mr. Arthur Helps, who perhaps knows as much as any man of "the hidden life" that goes to make up Government, has in his most interesting, useful, and admirable *Thoughts on Government*, said, "I confess, that I think it is impossible, or, at least, that it would be very unwise, if

it were possible, to maintain the House of Lords as a second Chamber for Great Britain, without considerable modifications in the constitution of that legislative body;" while Lord Granville said at Manchester, in the autumn of last year, "Without dwelling upon the extremely difficult task, even if you wish it, of abolishing the House of Lords, I must say that until better-digested plans for its abolition are put forward, I for one strongly and vehemently protest." And in the same speech, alluding to the opposition of the Conservative majority to most Liberal measures, he speaks of his opponents as in most cases . . . "much too statesmanlike to use the House of Lords as an instrument of obstruction, using it as an instrument which they would break if they carried its use too far." And Lord Derby said at Liverpool, "As to the House of Lords, I am very far from saying that it is perfect, or that we could not do something to improve and strengthen it. . . . While I should object to an unlimited creation of peerages for life, I see no harm, and some advantage, in a limited number of peerages of that class."

When the leader of the Radical party and the most thoughtful essayist of the day are found advocating modifications in a great institution like the House of Lords, and when the leader of each of the two great parties which compose that institution, devotes a considerable portion of a speech to the question upon which the active politician and the thoughtful writer say modification is essential, we may safely conclude that action of some kind will not be long postponed.

The Peers of Great Britain can bear comparison with the members of any legislative assembly in the world. We are proud of our House of Commons, and not without reason; for, although many candidates pay heavily—within legal limits—for admission into the House, not a breath of scandal has been heard, in recent days, as to payment,

bribery, or corruption within the House itself, or connected with its public business.¹ We have purged the country from the open and wholesale purchase and sale of boroughs and counties, and have happily arrived at a state of affairs exactly opposite to that of a century or less past, when "representatives holding their seats by a general system of corruption could scarcely fail to be themselves corrupt."

Some few members may hardly be thought worthy, in public estimation, of a seat, but some constituency judges them to be fit and proper men; and, take the House all in all—not forgetting that there are a few men who would add greatly to the strength of the House, who cannot now obtain seats, and not forgetting that a redistribution of seats, a considerable reduction in the cost of elections, and the payment of such costs by the electors, are greatly to be desired—yet take the House all in all, we may happily say that for common sense, political prudence, and sterling honesty, our House of Commons is second to no representative body in the world. While maintaining this position, I also maintain that in spite of the disadvantages under which an hereditary legislative assembly must labour, our House of Lords can in every personal and individual particular stand comparison with the House of Commons. I believe that in whatever point of view we regard the Peers of this realm, we may regard them with honest pride and patriotic satisfaction. It is not for me to mention individual names. I have neither knowledge enough, nor desire to do so; I should insert names that might weaken my argument, I should omit others that would strengthen it. But let any person of ordinary observation follow the debates, keep himself fairly acquainted with current literature, move about the United Kingdom, and go through life with his eyes and ears open, and I

think that he will be satisfied that my proposition is fairly made out, that in every personal and individual particular the Peers can hold their own against the members of the other House. Take, then, the Peers of the Realm, take both sides of their House, regard them from a national, not merely from a party point of view, and compare them with the members of the House of Commons in the following particulars:—

Take the statesmen, form an imaginary cabinet from both sides of each House; surely the Upper House does not lose by the comparison. Whether we regard actual experience, administrative capacity, power of expression, mastery of details, minuteness of observation, local knowledge, interest in the poorer classes, or whether we take their powers of management, knowledge of the law, intimacy with official life, their integrity, moral excellence, eloquence, or patriotism,¹ may we not fairly say, with the two lists written down side by side, that the Peers lose nothing by the comparison? And apply the same principle to the following subjects, in every case selecting the best men in each House:—Arms, both naval and military; diplomacy; authorship; scientific, classical, mathematical, legal and artistic knowledge; philanthropy; colonial and Indian government, militia, yeomanry and volunteer command. If in some of these subjects we find the Commons beating the Lords, in others we arrive at an opposite result; and when we bear in mind that the chief motives which induce most Commoners to work at school, at college, or at the professions—the ambition to create a name, the necessity of making a livelihood or a fortune—are

¹ While this is going through the press, the expenses of the successful and unsuccessful candidates for East Surrey are published: Mr. Watney's being 6,008*l.* 2*s.* 2*d.*; Mr. Leveson Gower's, 3,309*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.* And Dover—Solicitor-General, 1,953*l.* 14*s.* 10*d.*; and Mr. Barnett, unsuccessful, 2,677*l.* 11*s.*! These terrible charges are *legal*, but surely not right.

¹ A great debate in the House of Lords is worth attending. Nothing conveys so well the idea of England's greatness and grandeur; the speeches, all of the highest calibre, are continued throughout the evening with an independence and power that contrasts most favourably with a great debate in the House of Commons, which consists—for the most part—of one or two speeches from leaders in the early part of the evening, a number of addresses of inferior power delivered to empty benches and absent constituents during the dinner hour, wound up by one or two more speeches late at night, which tend to recall England's power, and which render the scene not inferior in interest to that in the House of Lords throughout the evening.

almost entirely wanting to the Peers, we shall estimate more fairly the credit and honour due to these honourable and favoured men, the highest in rank, and first in dignity, of the most favoured nation of the world.

If this be true, why is it that men are discussing with grave and serious mien the question of reform, the still more grave and serious question of the abolition of the House of Lords? I think it is mainly due to the different manner in which the Houses do their work; and I further think that a few simple modifications would, if made in time, restore the confidence of many that have lost some of their trust in the House of Lords, and would go far to create confidence in the minds of many of the recently enfranchised who have lately begun to take an interest in politics, and who have unfortunately commenced their political lives with a creed in which a prominent place is assigned to the belief that the House of Lords is not worthy of their confidence.

Mr. Arthur Helps proposes—

1. That there should be life-peerages granted by the Crown.

2. That certain offices, when held for a certain term of years, should entitle the man who has held them to a seat in the House of Lords.

3. That no hereditary Peer should be able to take his seat in the House of Lords until he had reached the age of thirty, or had sat in the House of Commons for five years.

4. That an hereditary noble should not be obliged to take his seat in the House of Peers until ten years had elapsed from his succession to the Peerage.

Most men, not Peers, will agree with Nos. 1 and 2 and 4; but there are decided objections, as it seems to me, with all deference to Mr. Helps, to No. 3. So long as the present system endures, of a political Secretary and a political under-secretary of State, the one generally in one House, the other in the other House, it seems advantageous that the hereditary nobility—the leaders in a very few years—should gain official experience at as early an age as possible. It seems, too, an anomaly that a Peer should be ineligible

for an office which his younger brother, being a member of the House of Commons, might hold, and that an hereditary noble, who has probably been carefully trained with regard to the position he will occupy in life, should not be eligible, before he is thirty, to hold an office in which he would be the second in command, with a veteran of experience his immediate superior; at which age a clergyman is eligible for consecration as bishop, and the charge of a diocese. "Almost all rules are bad which tend to limit the choice of men for employments of any kind. Any rule, for instance, about excess of age is injudicious." Does not this sound principle clash with suggestion No. 3?

With one more quotation from Mr. Helps' *Thoughts on Government*, I venture to make my suggestions: "It is always a most difficult thing for a reformer who perceives that a reform is wanted in a great institution, to lay down the exact lines upon which his reform should be constructed. He knows that so soon as he submits some particular suggestions for the reform in question, he abandons the abstract for the concrete, and often is liable to seem to be answered upon the general question, because he himself has not been able to satisfy the world as to the wisdom or prudence of the particular suggestions he offers."

I venture to propose—

1. That the quorum of the House of Lords should be raised to thirty.

Sir Erskine May says on this point: "A quorum of three—though well suited for judicial business, and not wholly out of proportion to the entire number of its members in the earlier periods of its history—has become palpably inadequate for a numerous assembly." Again: "Unless great party questions have been under discussion, the House has ordinarily the appearance of a select committee."

In almost every council, committee, company, or society, a quorum is fixed bearing some relation to the number of its members, and there seems an entire agreement as to the fact that a quorum of three Peers, out of about 460, throws ridicule upon the whole national business. Nearly every

person who discusses the reform of the House of Lords points to this as the chief blot in its constitution; hardly anybody attempts to defend it.

2. That a Speaker, with the ordinary powers of a President, should be appointed.

"The position of the Speaker of the House of Lords is somewhat anomalous, for though he is the President of a Legislative Assembly, he is invested with no more authority than any other member;" in fact he need not be a Peer at all, and therefore need not be a Member of the House. Moreover, so far as the Lord Chancellor is the President of the House of Lords, his presidency is opposed to the ideal of a President (the chief authority) in every particular. He is of the lowest rank, and often the junior Member of the lowest order of the Peerage; if not, as often, a party man, he is always a partisan, thus offending the national instinct, and opposed to the national custom, for in every other assembly, the man of the greatest weight, the highest rank, the most extended knowledge of the business to be performed, and the utmost impartiality, is placed in the chair.

3. That a Peer who omits to attend a given number of times in one Session, should forfeit his right to vote in the next Session.

I quote Sir Erskine May again:—"The indifference of the great body of the Peers to public business, and their scant attendance, by discouraging the efforts of the more able and ambitious men amongst them, impair the influence of the Upper House." Nothing has done so much to lower the influence of the House of Lords as this indifference; that a Bill which occupied the House of Commons for weeks should narrowly escape destruction because six Peers were opposed to it, and seven in favour, is a sample of that which provokes much sharp criticism. "It is said"—Mr. Bright is the speaker—"that the Paper Duty Abolition Bill was thrown out in the Upper House by a great majority. That is a fact with which we are all well acquainted. I was talking recently to a Peer who gave an explanation of this, which I will venture to repeat. 'If,

he said, 'the regular House of Lords, that is to say the hundred members who during the Session really do transact the business—if they had been in the House, the Paper Duties Repeal Bill would certainly have passed. But about two hundred Members who hardly ever come there were let loose for the occasion.'" The rule that I have suggested would prevent those Peers who preferred remaining in the country, running up to town occasionally, at what they may feel to be some personal sacrifice, to record their vote, and by so doing swamp the votes of those who actually do the main part of the legislative business. I think that there are very few men who wish to deprive any Peer who is willing to work for the country of a jot or tittle of the privilege which his ancestors have earned for him, of taking an active and influential share in moulding the national interests. But there is a strong feeling "growing out of" (large words these) the inattention of a large proportion of the Peers: that feeling is finding forms in which to express itself, and unless it is allayed by some improvement, will "grow" into very large proportions; and if no change is made, the House of Lords may find itself damaged as clearly and as greatly as England will find herself damaged if she has to pay the claims "growing out of" certain acts which, even if legal, are open to question.

4. That the House of Lords should have power to recommend that a Peer whose conduct is, in their opinion, discreditable to their order, should be degraded from the Peerage.

Any dishonourable act on the part of a Peer has an adverse influence on the whole Peerage out of all proportion to the act itself, and to the very small percentage of Peers who discredit their order. The recent acts of a few Peers on the turf have done more harm to the House of Lords than can easily be estimated. The refined sense of honour, the uprightness and integrity of well-nigh the whole of the Peers, are to some minds barely balance sufficient to weigh against the acts of the few individuals who have brought discredit on themselves and their

order. A very few cowards would bring dishonour on an entire army; still fewer bankrupt racing Peers create a prejudice against the whole body.

5. That as Sees become vacant the Bishops should be replaced in the House of Lords by lay life Peers.

That the Church loses more by the absence of the Bishops from their dioceses than the State gains by their presence in the House of Lords, is a proposition which is obtaining gradual but, I believe, sure acceptance. There are many ecclesiastical laymen whose presence in the Upper House would compensate for the absence of the Bishops, while no man can take the place of the Bishop in the diocese. I shall not further press this subject now.

6. That no Peer should be allowed to vote in the House of Lords until he had sat in that House one year, unless he had previously sat in the House of Commons.

7. That a property qualification should be necessary for all men called to an hereditary Peerage, but that the not possessing the property qualification should be no bar to promotion to a life Peerage.

A wealthy noble of proud lineage, of personal and inherited distinction, possessed of great influence, and credited with that rare gift, common-sense, to an extraordinary degree, has, in the speech from which I have already quoted, supplied argument more than sufficient to recommend this, by coupling those instinctively antagonistic words "pauper peerages."

8. That the members of the House of Lords should introduce more bills, originate more motions, altogether apart from Government bills. It is a common complaint on the part of the Lords that the Government does not introduce a sufficient number of bills in their House. Now there are many measures that even a Conservative Government could not introduce in the Upper House, as for instance the Reform Bill of 1868; and it is hardly an exaggeration to say, that there is scarcely a single bill, of first importance, brought forward by a Liberal or Liberal Radical Government, that would obtain a foothold if originated in the Upper House. The tendency of the Upper House is Conser-

vative; and such measures as the Irish Church and Land Bills, the Ballot, and the Abolition of University Tests, would not have passed a second reading if introduced there. But with all deference to the distinguished men who constitute the Upper House, is the fact that a Conservative Government must frequently, and a Liberal Government generally, originate important measures in the House of Commons,—sufficient reason for the small amount of work done by the Lords in the early part of the Session.¹ On a recent Tuesday and Wednesday, private members of the Lower House gave notice of no less than fifty bills or motions for the Session then commencing. There are numbers of questions which members of the Upper House might, with great advantage to the nation, take up and press forward for legislation. It was recently said: "It is upon those questions which lie outside the Ministerial programme that the chief interest of the opening Session gathers." It is hardly too much to say that nearly every question of very great importance which Ministers take in hand, and bring forward for legislation, has been taken in hand for more, or fewer, years by some individual member, who has obtained at the onset but scant encouragement, but who has seen his arguments making their way, and his measure obtaining more support, until at last the Government of the day makes it a Ministerial question. This kind of work, than which none can be more important, might, I think, with advantage to the country, be more extensively engaged in by members of the Upper House, but we should gratefully remember that very many useful measures, specially in connection with religious liberty, have been originated by Peers in the Upper House. What Mr. Wilberforce did for the

¹ While this is in the printer's hands, a short discussion has been held on this point in the House of Lords. Lord Salisbury proposed that bills should be introduced simultaneously into the Lords and Commons; but if, as would often be the case, the Lords came to one conclusion, and the Commons to another, would not the difficulty of coming to an agreement be far greater than when only one House has committed itself to an opinion?

slaves, Mr. Milner Gibson for freedom of newspapers from taxation, Mr. Cobden for Free-trade, Mr. Bright for Reform, Lord Ashley for regulation of the hours of labour, the late Lord Derby to protect the poorer classes of London when evicted by railway companies, Lord Lansdowne for religious liberty, and Sir Samuel Romilly for the amelioration of criminal law, supported by Lords Lansdowne, Grey, and Holland—that may any individual Peer do in the very many matters that have still to be dealt with by the Legislature. To name a few such questions, why should not some Peer take up and press forwards for legislation, sanitary reform, the game laws, the appointment of a public prosecutor, the adulteration of articles of food, the reduction of the national debt, the important subject of emigration; Church reform, cathedral reform, and, as Lord Grey has just suggested, law reform; abolition of the power of life and death over condemned criminals, now improperly in the hands of the Home Secretary; the question of national defence and compulsory registration for service; the whole question of capital and labour, and reduction of the hours of labour; the important subject of treaties, their ratification and duration, &c. Is it to be supposed that we should have had the Mines Regulation Bill postponed by the Government from Session to Session, if some noble lord had carried a resolution that such a bill was necessary, and, failing the Government passing such a bill, had himself passed one through the Upper House.

There are other suggestions which I should like to make, specially as to the Lords taking no bill into their consideration, except such as should be voted urgent by the House of Commons, unless it was in the Upper House one month before the day of prorogation, the Session in the Lords not necessarily being coterminous with that of the Commons; but my ignorance as to the working of our Parliamentary system leads me to doubt whether they would be practicable. The few suggestions that I have ventured, with unfeigned diffidence, to make, seem to me (except, it may be, the fifth) of a nature that is likely to commend

them to those who regard the business of the House of Lords from a business point of view. "The House of Lords, in truth, is not only a privileged body, but a great representative institution—standing out as an embodiment of the aristocratic influence and sympathies of the country." We are proud of our Peers: we can never forget that to their order we owe that which has been styled "the keystone of English liberty—equal distribution of civil rights to all classes of freemen:" we are proud of our House of Lords; we wish it long to continue; and continue it will, if, as in times past, it *brings itself* into harmony with the altered circumstances of the country. Railways have made occasional residence in London so easy, that attention to public business is within easy reach of all who are privileged to conduct it.

"Order is Heaven's first law; and this confess'd,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest:
More rich, more wise."

This we readily accept in England: it seems to us a truism, so familiar are we with it. But "virtue is the only solid base of greatness;" moral excellence, active power, and strength, used for the public good, must ever be the claim to leadership of those who lead this country; but the same writer who bears willing witness to the fact that the dignity of the Peerage "has been well maintained by territorial power—by illustrious ancestry—by noble deeds—by learning, eloquence, and public virtues"—also ominously tells of "the passive indifference" of the Peers to the ordinary business of legislation, "their scant attendance," "their inertness," "the indolent facility" with which they have allowed one or two members of strong will to dominate over the majority, and their "impaired moral influence." Let us remember in time that, as Carlyle says, "there is a stillness, of passive inertness, the symptom of imminent downfall," and that "it is of apoplexy, so to speak, and a *plethoric lazy habit of body*, that Churches, Kingdoms, Social Institutions, oftenest die."

S. FLOOD PAGE.

TURNER AND MULREADY.

ON THE EFFECT OF CERTAIN FAULTS OF VISION ON PAINTING, WITH
ESPECIAL REFERENCE TO THEIR WORKS.¹

BY R. LIEBREICH, OPHTHALMIC SURGEON AND LECTURER AT ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.

WHEN I arrived in England about eighteen months ago, little thinking that a short vacation tour would end in my permanent residence here, I at once paid a visit to the National Gallery. I was anxious to see Turner's pictures, which on the Continent I had had no opportunity of doing. How great was my astonishment when, after having admired his earlier works, I entered another room which contained his later paintings! Are these really by the same hand? I asked myself on first inspecting them; or have they suffered in any way? On examining them, however, more closely, a question presented itself to my mind which was to me a subject of interesting diagnosis. Was the great change which made the painter of "Crossing the Brook" afterwards produce such pictures as "Shade and Darkness," caused by an ocular or cerebral disturbance? Researches into the life of Turner could not afford an answer to this question. All that I could learn was, that during the last five years of his life his power of vision as well as his intellect had suffered. In no way, however, did this account for the changes which began to manifest themselves about fifteen years before that time. The question could therefore only be answered by a direct study of his pictures from a purely scientific, and not at all from an æsthetic or artistic point of view.

I chose for this purpose pictures belonging to the middle of the period which I consider pathological, i.e. not quite healthy, and analysed them in all their details, with regard to colour,

¹ A Lecture delivered at the Royal Institution on the 8th March, 1872.

drawing, and distribution of light and shade.

It was particularly important to ascertain if the anomaly of the whole picture could be deduced from a regularly recurring fault in its details. This fault is a vertical streakiness, which is caused by every illuminated point having been changed into a vertical line. The elongation is, generally speaking, in exact proportion to the brightness of the light; that is to say, the more intense the light which diffuses itself from the illuminated point in nature, the longer becomes the line which represents it on the picture. Thus, for instance, there proceeds from the sun in the centre of a picture a vertical yellow streak, dividing it into two entirely distinct halves, which are not connected by any horizontal line. In Turner's earlier pictures, the disc of the sun is clearly defined, the light equally radiating to all parts; and even where through the reflection of water a vertical streak is produced, there appears, distinctly marked through the vertical streak of light, the line of the horizon, the demarcation of the land in the foreground, and the outline of the waves in a horizontal direction. In the pictures, however, of which I am now speaking, the tracing of any detail is perfectly effaced when it falls in the vertical streak of light. Even less illuminated objects, like houses or figures, form considerably elongated streaks of light. In this manner, therefore, houses that stand near the water, or people in a boat, blend so entirely with the reflection in the water, that the horizontal line of demarcation between house and water or boat and water entirely disappears, and all be-

comes a conglomeration of vertical lines. Everything that is abnormal in the shape of objects, in the drawing, and even in the colouring of the pictures of this period, can be explained by this vertical diffusion of light.

How and at what time did this anomaly develop itself?

Till the year 1830 all is normal. In 1831 a change in the colouring becomes for the first time perceptible, which gives to the works of Turner a peculiar character not found in any other master. Optically this is caused by an increased intensity of the diffused light proceeding from the most illuminated parts of the landscape. This light forms a haze of a bluish colour which contrasts too much with the surrounding portion in shadow. From the year 1833 this diffusion of light becomes more and more vertical. It gradually increases during the following years. At first it can only be perceived by a careful examination of the picture, but from the year 1839 the regular vertical streaks become apparent to everyone. This increases subsequently to such a degree, that when the pictures are closely examined they appear as if they had been wilfully destroyed by vertical strokes of the brush before they were dry, and it is only from a considerable distance that the object and the meaning of the picture can be comprehended. During the last years of Turner's life this peculiarity became so extreme that his pictures can hardly be understood at all.

It is a generally received opinion that Turner adopted a peculiar manner, that he exaggerated it more and more, and that his last works are the result of a deranged intellect. I am convinced of the incorrectness, I might almost say of the injustice, of this opinion. The word "manner" has a very vague meaning. In general we understand by it something which has been arbitrarily assumed by the artist. It may be the result of study, of reflection, of a development of principle, or the consequence of a chance observation, of an experiment, or of an occasional success. Nothing of all this applies to what has been called Turner's

manner. Nothing in him is arbitrary, assumed, or of set purpose. According to my opinion, his manner is exclusively the result of a change in his eyes, which developed itself during the last twenty years of his life. In consequence of it the aspect of nature gradually changed for him, while he continued in an unconscious, I might almost say in a *naïve* manner, to reproduce what he saw. And he reproduced it so faithfully and accurately, that he enables us distinctly to recognize the nature of the disease of his eyes, to follow its development step by step, and to prove by an optical contrivance the correctness of our diagnosis. By the aid of this contrivance we can see nature under the same aspect as he saw and represented it. With the same we can also, as I shall prove to you by an experiment, give to Turner's early pictures the appearance of those of the later period.

After he had reached the age of fifty-five, the crystalline lenses of Turner's eyes became rather dim, and dispersed the light more strongly, and in consequence threw a bluish mist over illuminated objects. This is a pathological increase of an optical effect, the existence of which, even in the normal eye, can be proved by the following experiment. If you look at a picture which hangs between two windows, you will not be able to see it distinctly, as it will be, so to speak, veiled by a greyish haze. But if you hold your hands before your eyes so as to shade them from the light of the windows, the veiling mist disappears, and the picture becomes clearly visible. The disturbing light had been diffused by the refracting media of the eye, and had fallen on the same part of the retina on which the picture was formed. If we examine the eye by an illumination resembling that by means of which Professor Tyndall, in his brilliant experiments, demonstrated to you the imperfect transparency of water, we find that even the clearest and most beautiful eye is not so perfectly transparent as we would suppose. The older we get the more the transparency decreases, especially of the lens. But to produce

an effect equal to that visible in Turner's pictures after the year 1831, pathological conditions are required. In the years that followed, as often happens in such cases, a clearly defined opacity was formed in the slight and diffuse dimness of the crystalline lens. In consequence of this the light was no longer evenly diffused in all directions, but principally dispersed in a vertical direction. At this period the alteration offers, in the case of a painter, the peculiarity that it only affects the appearance of natural objects, where the light is strong enough to produce this disturbing effect, whilst the light of his painting is too feeble to do so: therefore, the aspect of nature is altered, that of his picture correct. Only within the last years of Turner's life, the dimness had increased so much, that it prevented him from seeing even his pictures correctly. This sufficiently accounts for the strange appearance of his last pictures, without its being necessary to take into account the state of his mind.

It may seem hazardous to designate a period as diseased, the beginning of which art-critics and connoisseurs have considered as his climax. I do not think that the two opinions are in decided contradiction to each other. To be physiologically normal is not at all a fundamental condition in art; and we cannot deny the legitimacy of the taste which regards that which is entirely sound and healthy as commonplace, trivial, and uninteresting, and which on the contrary is fascinated by that which approaches the border of disease and even goes beyond it.

Many of the best musicians, for instance, and some of the greatest admirers of Beethoven, prefer his latest works, and consider them the most interesting, although the influence of his deafness upon them is apparent to others.

In poetry, we rank some poems among the highest productions of art in which the imagination of the poet goes far beyond the normal region of the mind:

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth
to heaven."

Thus it seems to me perfectly natural that the peculiar poetical haze which is produced by the diffusion of light in Turner's pictures after 1831 should have a particular attraction for many of Turner's admirers. On the other hand, passing over the faults, we discover in these pictures peculiar merits, and we recognize that the great artist continued in many ways to improve, even at a time of his life when his failing sight began to deprive his works of general favour. I cannot, however, defend the opinion of those who are enraptured with Turner's pictures belonging to a still later period—who consider a picture beautiful which, in consequence of this optical defect, is entirely disfigured and defaced, and who, calling this Turner's style, would like to form it into a school and imitate it. They resemble the porter of a certain dealer in works of art, who one day, when he had to deliver the torso of a Venus at a gentleman's house, answered the servant, who had expressed his astonishment that his master should have bought a thing without head, arms, or legs, "You don't understand; that's just the beauty of it."

I show you here first a picture which is copied from an oil-painting in the South Kensington Museum. This picture was not exhibited till the year 1833, but it was painted some time before, and from sketches taken in Venice previous to any change in Turner's sight. I shall now try so to change this picture, by an optical contrivance, as to make it resemble the pictures he painted after 1833. You must, of course, not expect to see in this rough representation, which a large theatre necessitates, anything of the real beauty of Turner's pictures. Our object is to analyse their faults.

In order to show you in a single object what you have already observed in the general aspect of a picture, I choose purposely a tree, because there are no trees in the "Venice" you have just seen, and more particularly because after the year 1833 Turner painted trees that were unknown to any botanist, had never

been seen in nature, nor been painted by any other artist. I do not think it likely that Turner invented a tree he had never seen; it seems to me more probable that he painted such trees because he saw them so in nature. I searched for them with the aid of the lens, and soon discovered them. Here is a common tree; the glass changes it into a Turner tree.

Let us now turn from the individual case of a great artist to a whole category of cases, in which the works of painters are modified by anomalies in their vision—I mean cases of irregularities in the refraction of the eye. The optical apparatus of the eye forms, like the apparatus of a photographer, inverted images. In order to be seen distinctly these images must fall exactly upon the retina. The capacity of the eye to accommodate itself to different consecutive distances, so as to receive on the retina distinct images of objects, is called accommodation. This faculty depends upon the power of the crystalline lens to change its form. The accommodation is at its greatest tension if we adapt our eye to the nearest point. It is, on the contrary, in complete repose if we adapt it to the farthest point. The optical state of the eye during its adaptation for the farthest point, when every effort of accommodation is completely suspended, is called its refraction.

There are three different kinds of refraction: firstly, that of the normal eye; secondly, of the short-sighted eye; thirdly, of the over-sighted eye.

1. The normal eye, when the activity of its accommodation is perfectly suspended, is adjusted for the infinite distance; that is to say, it unites upon the retina parallel rays of light.

2. The short-sighted eye has, in consequence of an extension of its axis, a stronger refraction, and unites therefore in front of the retina the rays of light which proceed from infinite distance. In order to be united upon the retina itself the rays of light must be divergent; that is to say, they must come from a nearer point. The more short-sighted the eye is, the stronger must be the divergence; such an eye, in order to see distinctly

distant objects, must make the rays from a distant object more divergent, by aid of a concave glass. We determine the degree of short-sightedness by the power of the weakest concave glass that enables the eye to see distinctly at a great distance.

3. The over-sighted, or hypermetropic eye, on the contrary, has too weak a refraction: it unites convergent rays of light upon the retina; parallel or divergent rays of light it unites behind the retina, unless an effort of accommodation is made. The degree of hypermetropy, or over-sightedness, is determined by the focal distance of the strongest convex glass with which objects can still be distinctly seen at a great distance.

Hypermetropy has no essential influence upon painting; it only reduces the power of application, and must therefore be corrected by wearing convex glasses. This can never be avoided if the hypermetropy is so great as to diminish the distinctness of vision. Short-sightedness, on the contrary, generally influences the choice of the subject of the artist and also the manner of its execution. As a very small handwriting is an indication of short-sightedness, so we find that artists who paint small pictures, and finish the details with great minuteness, and, with fine touches of the brush, are mostly short-sighted.

Sometimes the shape of the eye diverges from its normal spherical form, and this is called astigmatism. This has only been closely investigated since Airy discovered it in his own eye. Figure to yourself meridians drawn on the eye as on a globe, so that one pole is placed in front: then you can define astigmatism as a difference in the curvature of two meridians, which may, for instance, stand perpendicularly upon each other; the consequence of which is a difference in the power of refraction of the eye in the direction of the two meridians. An eye may, for instance, have a normal refraction in its horizontal meridian, and be short-sighted in its vertical meridian. Small differences of this kind are found in almost every eye, but are not perceived. Higher degrees

of astigmatism, which decidedly disturb vision, are, however, not uncommon, and are therefore also found among painters. I have had occasion to examine the eyes of several distinguished artists which presented such an anomaly, and it interested me much to discover what influence this defect had upon their works. The diversity depends in part upon the degree and nature of the optical anomaly, but its effect shows itself in different ways, according to the subjects the artist paints. An example will explain this better. I know a landscape-painter and a portrait-painter who have both the same kind of astigmatism; that is, the refraction of the vertical meridian differs from the refraction of the horizontal one. The consequence is, that their sight is normal for vertical lines, but for horizontal lines they are slightly short-sighted. Upon the landscape-painter this has hardly any disturbing influence. In painting distant views sharp outlines are not requisite, but rather undefined and blending tones of colour. His eye is sufficiently normal to see these. I was struck, however, by the fact that the foreground of his pictures, which generally represents water with gently-moving waves, was not painted with the same truthfulness to nature as the middle and back-ground. There I found short horizontal strokes of the brush in different colours, which did not seem to belong to the water. I therefore examined the picture with a glass, which, when added to my eye, produced the same degree of astigmatism as existed in the painter's eye, and the whole picture appeared much more beautiful, the foreground being now as perfect as the middle and back-ground. In consequence of this artificially-produced astigmatism, I saw the horizontal strokes of the brush indistinctly and so mixed together, that through them the colour and transparency of the water were most exquisitely rendered.

Upon the portrait-painter astigmatism had a very different influence. He was held in high esteem in Paris, on account of his excellent grasp of cha-

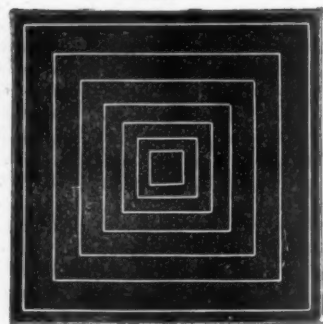
racter and intellectual individuality. His admirers considered even the material resemblance of his portraits as perfect; most people, however, thought he had intentionally neglected the material likeness by rendering in an indistinct and vague manner the details of the features and the forms. A careful analysis of the picture shows that this indistinctness was not at all intentional, but simply the consequence of astigmatism. Within the last few years the portraits of this painter have become considerably worse, because the former indistinctness has grown into positively false proportions. The neck and oval of the face appear in all his portraits considerably elongated, and all details are in the same manner distorted. What is the cause of this? Has the degree of his astigmatism increased? No; this does not often happen: but the effect of astigmatism has doubled, and this has happened in the following manner:—An eye which is normal as regards the vision of vertical lines, but short-sighted for horizontal lines, sees the objects elongated in a vertical direction. When the time of life arrives that the normal eye becomes far-sighted, but not yet the short-sighted eye, this astigmatic eye will at short distance see the vertical lines indistinctly, but horizontal lines still distinctly; and therefore near objects will be elongated in a horizontal direction. The portrait-painter, in whom a slight degree of astigmatism manifested itself at first only by the indistinctness of the horizontal lines, has now become far-sighted for vertical lines, and therefore sees a distant person elongated in a vertical direction; his picture, on the contrary, being at a short distance, is seen by him enlarged in a horizontal direction, and is thus painted still more elongated than the subject is seen: so the fault is doubled. I shall be able to show this more clearly by experiments.

The vertical and horizontal lines of this diagram (Fig. 1) are reflected with equal distinctness upon the screen by the spherical apparatus.

Those among my audience who have a decided form of astigmatism will,

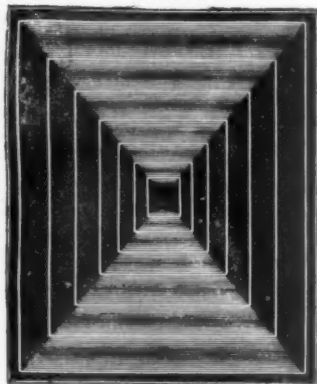
nevertheless, see them differently. Those

FIG. 1



whose sight is normal will only observe a difference after I have added a cylindrical lens to this apparatus, and thus made it astigmatical (Fig. 2). Ordinary

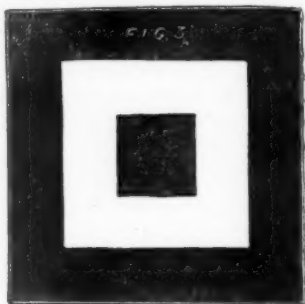
FIG. 2



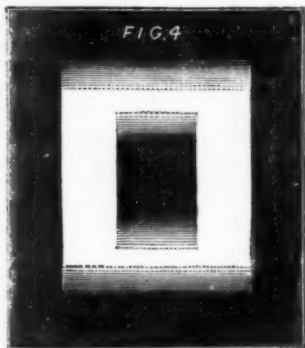
spectacle glasses are worked by a rotating movement on the surface of a sphere; cylindrical lenses are worked by moving the glass backwards and forwards upon a cylindrical surface. Such glasses produce an optical effect only in one direction. If instead of white lines I make the experiment with coloured lines, it will show the mixing of colours produced by astigmatism; and if I now turn the axis of the lens, you will observe the effect of different forms of astigmatism. I show you here a square

(Fig. 3): if I add a cylindrical concave glass, with its axis placed horizontally, the square becomes an oblong.

In order now to show you how it is possible that the same eye may see an



object at too great a distance elongated in a vertical direction, and, on the contrary, one that is too near enlarged in a horizontal direction, I need only place this cylindrical glass before or behind the focus of the apparatus without turning the axis, and you will then see the square, first elongated in a vertical direction (Fig. 4), and then enlarged in a horizontal direction.



Lastly, I show you a portrait. Imagine to yourself that it represents the person whom the astigmatical painter is painting; then, by aid of the cylindrical glass you can form an idea how the painter sees this person.

If I alter the position of the glass,

the portrait assumes the form in which the painter sees his own painting on the canvas. This will explain to you why he paints the portrait still longer than he sees the person.

With regard to an anomaly of sight, which seems almost foreign to the subject of painting—I mean colour-blindness—I will also say a few words here, as the subject seems to be regarded with particular interest in England.

What we call colour-blindness is a congenital defect of vision, which is characterized by the absence of one of the three primary sensations of colour. The primary sensations of colour are red, green, and violet, according to Thomas Young and Helmholtz; or red, green, and blue, according to Maxwell. When, as may easily happen, to this defect is joined a decided talent for painting, drawing alone ought to be attempted, because so absolute a defect will soon assert itself. But we meet with slighter degrees of colour-blindness, where the perception of red is not entirely wanting, but only considerably diminished; so that, for instance, an intense or strongly illuminated red can be perceived as such, while a less intense red appears green. This moderate degree of colour-blindness does not always deter people from painting. A proof of this I saw at the last year's Exhibition, in a picture which represented a cattle market. The roofs of the surrounding houses were all painted red on the sunny side, green in the shadow; but—what particularly struck me—the oxen also were red in the sun, green in the shadow. The slighter degrees of this anomaly, in the form of an insufficient perception of colours, have probably been the real cause why several great artists, who have become famous on account of the beauty of their drawing and the richness of their compositions, have failed to attain an equal degree of perfection in colouring.

In opposition to these isolated cases, I have to draw your attention to other cases which happen more frequently, and in advanced age, in consequence of a change in the perception of colours.

They do not arise from a deficient function of the nervous apparatus of the eye, but in consequence of a change in the colour of the lens.

The lens always gets rather yellow at an advanced age, and with many people the intensity of the discoloration is considerable. This, however, does not essentially diminish the power of vision. In order to get a distinct idea of the effect of this discoloration, it is best to make experiments with yellow glasses of the corresponding shade. Only the experiment must be continued for some time, because at first everything looks yellow to us. But the eye gets soon accustomed to the colour, or rather it becomes dulled with regard to it, and then things appear again in their true light and colour. This is at least the case with all objects of a somewhat bright and deep colour. A careful examination, however, shows that a pale blue, or rather a certain small quantity of blue, cannot be perceived even after a very prolonged experiment, and after the eye has long got accustomed to the yellow colour, because the yellow glass really excludes it. This must, of course, exercise a considerable influence when looking at pictures, on account of the great difference which necessarily exists between real objects and their representation in pictures.

These differences are many and great, as has been so thoroughly explained by Helmholtz. Let us for a moment waive the consideration of the difference produced by transmitting an object seen as a body on to a simple flat surface, and consider only the intensity of light and colour. The intensity of light proceeding from the sun and reflected by objects, is so infinitely greater than the strongest light reflected from a picture, that the proportion expressed in numbers is far beyond our comprehension. There is also so great a difference between the colour of light, or of an illuminated object, and the pigments employed in painting, that it appears wonderful that the art of painting can by the use of them produce such perfect optical delusions.

It can of course only produce optical delusions, never a real optical identity; that is to say, the image which is traced in our eye by real objects is not identical with the image produced in our eye by the picture. This is best observed by changing the light. Whoever paints in London has but too frequent opportunities of observing this. A little more or less fog, the reflection of a cloud illuminated by the sun, suffices to alter entirely the colouring of the picture, while the colouring of natural objects is not changed in the same manner.

Let us now return to our experiment with the yellow glass, and we shall find that it affects our eye very much in the same way as a yellow tint in the light, and therefore modifies natural objects in quite a different degree from pictures. If we continue the experiment for a considerable time, the difference becomes more and more essential. As I said before, the eye becomes dulled with regard to the yellow light, and thus sees nature again in its normal colouring. The small quantity of blue light which is excluded by the yellow glass produces no sensible difference, as the difference is equalized by a diminution of sensibility with regard to yellow. In the picture, on the contrary, there is found in many places only as much blue as is perfectly absorbed by the yellow glass, and this therefore can never be perceived however long we continue the experiment. Even for those parts of the picture which have been painted with the most intense blue the painter could produce, the quantity of blue excluded by the yellow glass will make itself felt, because its power is not so small with regard to pigments as with regard to the blue in nature.

Imagine now that in the course of years one of the transparent media in the eye of a painter had gradually become yellowish, and that this yellow had by degrees considerably increased in intensity, and you will easily understand the influence it must exercise upon his work. He will see in nature almost everything correctly; but in his picture everything will appear to him

yellowish, and consequently he will paint it too blue. Does he not perceive this himself? Does he not believe it if told of it? Were this the case, it would be easy for him to correct the fault, since an artist can paint in a yellower or bluer tone, as he chooses. These are two questions which are easily answered by psychological experience. He does not perceive it himself, because he does not remember that he formerly saw in a different way. Our remembrance with regard to opinions, sensations, perceptions, &c. which have become gradually modified in the course of years—not by any external influence or sudden impression, but by a gradual change in our own physical or mental individuality—is almost *nil*.

He does not believe it—I would not say because an artist rarely recognizes what others tell him with regard to his works, but because with him, as with everyone else, the impressions received through his own eye have a stronger power of conviction than anything else. "Sehen geht vor Sagen" (Seeing is believing), says the old adage.

We are almost always conscious of *indistinct* vision, be it in consequence of incorrect accommodation or insufficient power of sight, especially if it is not congenital, but has gradually appeared. But it is extremely difficult and in many cases impossible to convince those of their defect who suffer from *incorrect* vision as to form and colour. They never become conscious of it themselves, even if it is not congenital, and the most enlightened and intelligent among them remain incredulous, or become even angry and offended, when told of it. Incorrect perception of form may, however, easily be demonstrated. If in consequence of astigmatism a square appears oblong to anyone, he can measure the sides with a compass; or, what is more simple still, he can turn it so that the horizontal lines are changed into vertical ones, and *vice versa*, and his own sight will convince him of his error. It is more difficult to demonstrate whether

a person sees colours correctly or not. Such glaring mistakes as those produced by colour-blindness can be easily recognized, but faults produced by a diminished sensation of small differences in the shades of colour can only be recognized as such by the fact that the majority of persons with normal vision declare them to be faults. Such, for instance, are deviations produced by an incorrect perception of pigments, which in painting makes itself felt by a constantly recurring *plus* or *minus* of a single colour in the whole picture. It may also show itself by small faults in the rendering of every colour. In discussing this subject with artists, they at once declare these anomalies to represent a school, a taste, a manner, which may be arbitrarily changed. They most unwillingly concede that peculiarities of sight have anything to do with it. It seems to me sometimes as if they considered it in a certain measure a degradation of their art that it should be influenced by an organ of sense, and not depend entirely upon free choice, intelligence, imagination, and talent.

Thus, to return to the point from which we started, if a painter whose lens becomes yellower begins to paint in a bluer tone, it is said that he has changed his style. The painter himself vehemently protests against this opinion; he thinks that he still paints in his old style, and that he has only improved the tone of his colour. His earlier works appear to him too brown. To convince him of his error it would be necessary to remove his lens suddenly. Then everything would appear to him too blue, and his paintings far too blue. This is no hypothesis, but a fact. Patients on whom I have operated for cataract, very often spontaneously declared, immediately after the operation, that they saw everything blue; in these cases I invariably found their crystalline lens to be of an intense yellow colour. In pictures painted after the artists were considerably over sixty, the effect of the yellow lens can often be studied. To me their pictures have so

characteristic a tone of colour, that I could easily point them out while passing through a picture-gallery. As a striking example I will only mention Mulready. It is generally stated that in his advanced age he painted too purple. A careful examination shows that the peculiarity of the colours of of his later pictures is produced by an addition of blue. Thus, for instance, the shadows on the flesh are painted in pure ultramarine. Blue drapery he painted most unnaturally blue. Red of course became purple. If you look at these pictures through a yellow glass, all these faults disappear: what formerly appeared unnatural and displeasing is at once corrected; the violet colour of the face shows a natural red; the blue shades become grey; the unnatural glaring blue of the drapery is softened. To make the correction perfect, the glass must not be of a bright gold colour, but rather of the colour of pale sherry. It must be gradually darkened in accordance with the advancing age of the painter, and will then correspond exactly with the colour of his lens. The best proof of the correctness of this statement is, that the yellow glass not only modifies the blue in Mulready's pictures, but gives truthfulness to all the other colours he employed. To make the proof complete, it would be necessary to show that by the aid of yellow glass we saw Mulready's pictures as he saw them with the naked eye; and this can be proved. It happens that Mulready has painted the same subject twice,—first in 1836, when he was fifty years of age and his lens was in a normal state, and again in 1857, when he was seventy-one, and the yellow discoloration had considerably advanced. The first picture was called when exhibited "Brother and Sister; or, Pinching the Ear;" the second was called "The Young Brother." In both pictures a girl, whose back only is visible, is carrying a little child. A young peasant, in a blue smock-frock, stands to the right and seizes the ear of the child. The background is formed by a

cloudy sky and part of a tree. Both pictures are in the Kensington Museum. The identity of the composition makes the difference in the colouring more striking. If we look at the second picture through a yellow glass, the difference between the two almost entirely disappears, as the glass corrects the faults of the picture. The smock-frock of the boy no longer appears of that intense blue which we may see in a lady's silk dress, but never in the smock-frock of a peasant. It changes into the natural tint which we find in the first picture. The purple face of the boy also becomes of a natural colour. The shades on the neck of the girl and the arms of the child, which are painted in a pure blue, look now grey, and so do the blue shadows in the clouds. The grey trunk of the tree becomes brown. Surprising is the effect upon the yellowish green foliage, which, instead of appearing still more yellow, is restored to its natural colour, and shows the same tone of colour as the foliage in the earlier picture. This last fact is most important to prove the correctness of my supposition. My endeavour to explain it became the starting-point of a series of investigations to ascertain the optical qualities of the pigments used in painting, and thus to enable us to recognize them by optical contrivances, when the vision of the naked eye does not suffice to analyse the colours of a picture.

When I had the pleasure of showing this experiment with Mulready's pictures to Professor Tyndall, he drew my attention to the fact that one single colour, namely, the blue of the sky, was not affected by the yellow glass. The blue of the sky was almost the same in both pictures. I could not at once explain the cause of this, but I discovered it afterwards. The fact is, it is impossible to change the sky-blue of the first picture so as to form a colour that looks like it when seen through a yellow glass. If more white is added, the sky becomes too pale; if a deeper blue is used, it becomes too dark. Mulready

was thus forced to content himself by giving to the sky in his later pictures the same colour as in the earlier ones.

If we look at Mulready's earlier works through the same yellow glass, they lose considerably in beauty of colouring: the tone appears too weak; the shadows brown; the green, dark and colourless; we see them as he saw them, and understand why he became dissatisfied with them and changed his colouring.

It would be more important to correct the abnormal vision of the artist, than to make a normal eye see as the artist saw when his sight had suffered. This unfortunately can only be done to a certain extent.

If it is the dispersion of light which, as in Turner's case, alters the perception of nature, it can be partly rectified by a kind of diaphragm with a small opening (Donders' sphenopeical spectacles).

In cases of astigmatism, the use of cylindrical glasses will completely correct the aspect of nature, as well as of the picture. Certain anomalies in the sensation of colour may also be counteracted to some extent by the use of coloured glasses; for instance, by a blue glass, when the lens has become yellow, as in Mulready's case.

If science aims at proving that certain works of art offend against physiological laws, artists and art critics ought not to think that by being subjected to the material analysis of physiological investigation, that which is noble, beautiful, and purely intellectual will be dragged into the dust. They ought, on the contrary, to make the results of these investigations their own. In this way art critics will often obtain an explanation of the development of the artist, while artists will avoid the inward struggles and disappointments which often arise through the difference between their own perceptions and those of the majority of the public. Never will science be an impediment to the creations of genius.

A MEMOIR OF MAZZINI.

BY DAVID MASSON.

FIVE-AND-TWENTY years have passed since I first saw Mazzini. It was in a room in the north part of London, where he had politely called, in acknowledgment of a slight claim I had on his acquaintance through my friendship in another city with a fellow-countryman of his who was very dear to him. I remember well the first sight of him, as he entered, sat down, and immediately began to talk. He was then thirty-eight years of age, retaining much of that grace and beauty for which he had been famous when he first fascinated his Genoese college-companions, drew them into sympathy with his dreams, and imagined the association afterwards known as Young Italy. One knew at once that slight figure, in a dark and closely-fitting dress, with the marvellous face of pale olive, in shape a long oval, the features fine and bold rather than massive, the forehead full and high under thin dark hair, the whole expression impassioned and sad, and the eyes large, black, and preternaturally burning. His talk was rapid and abundant, in an excellent English that never failed, though it was dashed with piquant foreign idioms, and pronounced with a decidedly foreign accent. The matter on that occasion was discursive, and the manner somewhat *distrain*, as if he were on a visit of courtesy which he wanted to get through, and which need happily involve no farther trouble to his recluse habits and the pursuit of his many affairs. He was then living in an obscure off-street from the City Road, somewhere beyond the New River, in the house, I believe, of an Italian tradesman, who was one of his devoted followers; but one had been forewarned that he did not expect chance visitors there, and that indeed such visitors would not be

likely to find him. As it happened, however, this my first sight of Mazzini was by no means the last. By a concurrence of circumstances, I met him again and again in the house of one or another of the very few English families that enjoyed his intimacy, till at length I came to know him well, and what hardly promised to be an acquaintanceship became for me one of the friendships of my life, for which I thank Fate and which I shall ponder till I die. Through many years, as he flashed from England to the Continent, and from the Continent back to England, I watched him, with some general knowledge of his designs, — at one important crisis, indeed, with thorough admiration, and such hopes for his success as could not but be yielded by any who understood the grand essentials of his drift, and the state of the poor Italy he longed to renovate; afterwards with undiminished affection, but perhaps more of doubt and dissent, as he pushed on, past great achieved success, to those extreme specialities of his programme about which one was more indifferent or less informed. Vaguest of all is my cognisance of his doings during the last seven or eight years. No longer in London, save at intervals, I had lost the customary opportunities of seeing him, and a newspaper rumour now and then, or a more private message sometimes as to his whereabouts and the state of his health, was all I had to trust to. The last time I saw him was, I think, about two years ago. He was then in a lodging at Brompton, and I found him painfully emaciated and weak from long illness, but full of kindly interest in persons and things, his spirit unabated, and the black eyes beaming with their old lustre. And now he is dead at Pisa, at the age

of sixty-three; and, while the world at large is agreeing that all in all he was one of the most memorable men of his time in Europe, but there are the strangest variations in the particular estimate, here am I recalling my own experience of him, the memory of by-gone evenings in his society, the sound of his voice amid other voices, and the touch of his hand at parting.

"Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay."

Above all, it is as the Italian Patriot that the world thinks of Mazzini. The summary of his aims in that character had been set forth by himself, systematically and once for all, as early as 1831, when he was first a refugee in France, flung out from his native land in the ardour of his pure youth, and with no other means of acting upon that land than conspiracy and propagandism.

Italy must be a Republic, one, free, and independent! This was the programme of the Young Italy Association, inscribed in all its manifestoes, and repeated and expounded everlastingly. Grasp the phrase in its full meaning, and in all the items of its meaning, and you have that political creed from which Mazzini, as an Italian politician, never swerved, and never, save perhaps at one or two moments of practical exigency, could be made even to seem to swerve. But, though the phrase was from first to last a glowing whole in his mind, and the very accusation against him was and is that he would not break it into its items, the fact that it does consist of items which may be taken separately ought to be distinctly apprehended in any retrospect of his life. The items are three, and they ought to be taken in the reverse order—the Independence and Freedom of Italy first, the Unity of Italy next, and the Republicanism of Italy last. First, next, and last, I repeat, were the very words which Mazzini abhorred in the whole matter. The first could not be except by and with the next, nor that except through the last; if the new Italian Patriotism was

to be worth anything, if it was not to be mere Macchiavellism or mere Carbonarism revived, and to die out in pedantry and cowardly drivell as these vaunted originals had done, its very characteristic must be that the three things should be kept together in thought, and that in action every stroke should be for all at once, or for one as implying all! Nevertheless, if only to demonstrate this necessary identity of the three ideas, they might be held up separately in exposition.

The Independence and Freedom of Italy! This meant the hurling out of the Austrian, whose hoof had been so long the degradation of her fairest provinces, and the rectification at the same time of the petty domestic tyrannies which the Austrian upheld. Well, where was the Italian that could say nay to that, and where over the wide world were men—themselves living and breathing as men, and not lashed and tortured like beasts—that could refuse this deliverance to the Italians whenever the time should come? About this part of the programme there could be no controversy.

Ay, but the Unity of Italy! What necessity for that; what chance of it? Did not many of the wisest Italians themselves look forward merely to an Italy of various governments, each tolerably free within itself, and all perhaps connected by some kind of Federation; was not that also the notion of the most liberal French politicians, and of the few Englishmen that troubled themselves with any thought about Italy at all? Universally, would not the speculation of a United Italy be scouted as a mad Utopia? Let them rave, replied Mazzini. The idea of a single Italian nation, one and united, had been, he maintained, an invariable form of thinking in the minds of all the greatest Italians in succession, from Dante to the Corsican who had Europeanized himself as Bonaparte; and an examination of the practical conditions of the problem of Independence and Freedom would also, he maintained, show that problem to be insoluble except in the terms of Unity.

Well, but why a Republic? If some existing Italian potentate, with due ambition in his heart and something of better fibre to aid (Charles Albert of Piedmont, for example, once a Carbonaro, and with some shame of his recreancy said to be gnawing at his conscience and stirring to thoughts of atonement), if such a potentate, already in command of an armed force, were to head a war of Independence, drive out the Austrian, and cashier the rabble of tyrannical princes, would there not then be a United and Free Italy, and might not the crown be his? Or if, in the course of a popular revolution, some great soldier were to emerge, crashing the opposition, like another Napoleon, by his military genius, would it not be in accordance with analogy, and for the security of the work done, to raise him to the sovereignty? Young Mazzini had ruminated these questions, and one can see signs of a faltering within himself before he answered them. Republican as he was, Republican as he meant to be, there was plausibility in the forecasts hazarded. Facts might take that course; it was the way of facts to take any course; precedents were perhaps in favour of the agency of kings and great soldiers in wars of national liberation; it would not do for a young theorist, who would welcome his motherland liberated anyhow, to stand too stiffly on the banks of his own ideal channel towards that end, only to see it empty after all, and events flowing in another! Hence a certain published Appeal to Charles Albert, much talked of at the time. The Appeal was read by that monarch; and he threw it into his waste-paper basket, with orders that, if ever the writer showed his face again in Italy, he should be laid fast in the nearest prison. No need then, Mazzini concluded, for any farther hesitation. The Republicanism so dear to himself in theory was put into the programme of the Young Italy Association, as equally indispensable with the oath for Independence and Liberation and the vow of ultimate Unity. The reasons were duly given. The advent of a

Patriot-King, or of a conquering soldier who would win the freedom of his country by winning a crown for himself, was declared to be an impossible phenomenon. The time for such things was past. There were epochs and eras in human affairs, and when an old era came to a close the methods of that era ceased to be the methods of Providence. Mazzini always had this large semi-mystical way of reasoning about eras and epochs, of listening to the vast march through the vacancies of Time, and being sure of its divisions and halts. Especially he announced that the world had passed through the stage of Individualism, Macchiavellism, the accomplishment of God's purposes for humanity by the mere deeds and scheming of particular persons, and that the era of Association, collective effort, action by the will and heart of every people for itself, and of all peoples united, had at least begun. The very struggle for Liberty which had been going on, with ever-increasing results, through all previous ages of the world, had consequently now changed its form and the state of its parties. Essentially the struggle had always been one between Privilege and the People; but the battle in all its previous forms of antagonism had rather been for the People than by the People. Such forms of the eternal contest had been that for Personal Liberty against Slave-owning, the Plebeians against the Patricians, Catholicism against Feudalism, the Reformation against Catholicism, Constitutional Government against Arbitrary Power. Now, however, that Privilege had been brought to its last agonies by such a succession of contests, the essential nature of the struggle which had been involved in them all was more nakedly disclosed. What had always been a struggle between Privilege and the People might now proclaim itself in all the simple generality of that name; and the People themselves, in the final strife against [the last shreds and fastnesses of] Privilege, might be their own proctors and advocates, and might dispense with champions and intermediaries. Yes! all the complexities of the social

tackling, all the scaffoldings of the supposed pyramid, had now been struck away, and the People, assembled multitudinously as on one level plain, might look up direct to Heaven, with nothing to distract the view. *Dio e Popolo*—God and the People—such, for all peoples, was to be the true formula of the future. Translated into ordinary political language, this, for most peoples, could mean only Pure Republicanism. In Great Britain alone would Mazzini recognise an exception. For certain positive and practical reasons, connected with her special insular history, he thought Constitutional Government suitable for her, and likely to be suitable for a long time to come. But of all nations Italy was the one specially fitted for Republicanism. Her greatest traditions, her peculiar glories, were Republican. Whatever associations of coarseness, cruelty, or meanness other nations might have with the word Republicanism in recollection severally of their past histories, the word had come down in the Italian mind entwined with memories of heroism, high-mindedness, Poetry and Art at their noblest, all that was exquisite and even fastidious in scholarship and culture, the fullest richness of social life, the truest enterprise in commerce, the utmost originality of individual genius. Let Young Italy represent the real soul of the nation! Paying no heed to the remonstrances or the jeers of the so-called Practical Statesmen, the Pedants and Diplomats, the Individualists and Macchiavelians, let them blazon on their banner the symbol of an Italian Republic as the only possible form of a future Italy that should also be independent, free, and one!

For forty years Mazzini fought for the programme of his youth. He lived to see part of it accomplished, and he has died labouring for the rest.

For seventeen of these forty years (1831-1848), he was known only as the Italian agitator and conspirator, driven from France into Switzerland, and thence into England, corresponding incessantly by unknown means with his adherents in various parts of Italy, dif-

fusing his ideas more especially among the youth of Italy by contraband writings and a machinery of secret societies, and promoting every possible attempt at an insurrection anywhere in the Peninsula. He was near the end of this stage of his career when I first saw him. Respectable England had grown alarmed, some two or three years before, at the existence of such a man within her bounds, and had begun to question whether he ought to be allowed a continued refuge in London. Sir James Graham, as Home Secretary, had opened his letters in the post-office; there were the wildest stories not only of his promoting insurrections, but even of his encouraging assassination. But the storm had passed, and had been followed by a reaction. Sir James Graham had been obliged publicly to retract the most odious of his charges; English indignation had been roused at the discovery of a spy-system in a Government office; Mr. Carlyle had published his letter, avowing his personal intimacy with Mazzini, and testifying that, whatever he might think of Mazzini's "practical insight and skill in worldly affairs," he knew him to be, if ever he had seen such, "a man of genius and virtue, a man of sterling veracity, humanity, and nobleness of mind." By that time also, other persons of distinction in the metropolis, knowing Mazzini by his more purely literary contributions to English periodicals, had contracted the same high regard for him, and there were particular English families whose proved affection for him drew him at length gently and irresistibly out of his exclusive daily companionship with the Italian refugees that formed his working staff, and made him and these associates of his happier, not only by their sympathies with the Italian cause generally, but also by their aid in schemes of relief for the poor Italians in London, and of schooling for their children. And so Mazzini lived on in London, with his eyes always on Italy.

How strange to remember now the accession of Pius IX. to the Papedom

in 1846, and the subsequent news, in 1847 and 1848, that he was proving himself, by act after act, a rarity among Popes, bent on reforming his states, and governing constitutionally! What hopes, what speculations, over the new Pontificate! Pshaw! ere men had learnt the new Pope's name, down went he, and all the hopes clustered round him, in a universal vortex. "Abdication of Louis-Philippe" flamed the newspaper placards all along Fleet Street one day early in 1848; and through that year and the next what a crush of commotions and surprises, revolutions and counter-revolutions, all through Europe! Restlessness seemed normal, and Astonishment had her fill. On the signal from France, the peoples were up everywhere; oppressed nationalities and states, with long accounts to settle, were facing their tyrants at their palace-doors; and the tyrants, bowing penitently from the door-steps, were swearing to new constitutions as fast as they were presented, any number of perjuries deep. Italy, more peculiarly, was a sight for Mephistopheles in this respect. How Ferdinand II. of Naples, and the minor princelings through the length of the Peninsula, were trembling and swearing in their several states, if perchance they might keep their thrones, while old Radetzky and his Austrians, unable to stand against the popular uprisings of the Lombards and the Venetians, were relaxing their hold of the north! One Italian sovereign, indeed, stepped forward in another spirit. This was Charles Albert of Piedmont, the old Carbonaro. He undertook now that nobler part he had grimly declined some seventeen years before, when the young Mazzini had tried to thrust it upon him. He would show now that only prudence and common-sense had then kept him back, and that, the conditions being ripe, Italy *might* have in him such an actual patriot-king as the too rapid Republican enthusiast had declared to be an impossibility. As King of Sardinia, Charles Albert took Lombardy under his protection, proclaimed himself the champion of all

Italy against the Austrian, and called upon the other Italian princes to send their contingents to the aid of his Piedmontese army. They all did so, with more or less of heart; Ferdinand of Naples with the least of all, but compelled by his people. For everywhere the populations hailed Charles Albert, the Mazzinians or Republicans no less than the Moderates; nay, Mazzini himself in the midst of his Mazzinians, again willing for the moment, as it seemed, that the Republican theory should go into abeyance in the presence of immediate and paramount duty. He had hurried from England, through France, into Lombardy, on the first news of that insurrection of the Lombard cities and Venice against their Austrian masters (March, 1848) which had given Charles Albert also his opportunity. Was the conspirator Mazzini to be seen as a volunteer, then, in the army of Charles Albert? He ought to have been, people afterwards said; it was the accusation afterwards both against him and the Venetian Manin that they impeded Charles Albert, fomented Republican distrust in him, and kept fresh forces from joining his standard. On the other side, the blame was thrown on the king; he wanted, it was said, to fight mainly with regular troops, and looked coldly on volunteers, especially of the Mazzinian sort. Certain it is that there was jealousy or mismanagement somewhere, and that it turned to the advantage of the Austrians. In July 1848 the strategy of Radetzky beat Charles Albert utterly, recovered Lombardy, and dispersed the general Italian cause into fragments. It was among these fragments, however, that Mazzini found occasion for a feat, perhaps the most heroic and characteristic of his own entire life, and certainly the most momentous in that war of Italian Independence. The Pope, probably adverse to the war from the first, had become decidedly pro-Austrian after Charles Albert's defeat, and had consequently lost his popularity with his Roman subjects. In November, ac-

cordingly, he thought it safest to flee from Rome in disguise, and take refuge at Gaeta in the Neapolitan territories. The Romans, left to themselves, and unable to persuade him to return, at length called a Constituent Assembly of 150 delegates elected by universal suffrage, and by the all but unanimous vote of this Assembly (the dissentients *eleven at most*) the temporal sovereignty of the Pope was abolished, and the Roman States were converted into a Republic (Feb. 1849). These steps had just been taken when Mazzini, who had meanwhile been wandering about in Lombardy as a volunteer with Garibaldi's irregulars, and had since gone into Tuscany, arrived in the Eternal City. He had never seen it before; he was a Genoese by birth; but what of that? He was received by the Romans with acclamations, elected at once to the Assembly, and then appointed the chief of the Triumvirs to whom the executive of the new Republic was entrusted. The use of such a man in such a post soon appeared. Ferdinand of Naples, rampantly pro-Austrian ever since Charles Albert's defeat, had been taking leisurely revenge on his poor Neapolitan subjects for their patriotic misdeemeanour; and in March 1849 he had the farther pleasure of cannonading the still insurgent Sicilians into renewed subjection. In the same month, the unfortunate Charles Albert, who had again taken the field against the Austrians, was again shattered by Radetzky at Novara, and had nothing left but to abdicate the Sardinian crown in favour of his son, Victor Emmanuel, and go into exile to die. Only two relics of the once hopeful Italian Revolution then remained in the entire peninsula—the Roman Republic, governed by Mazzini; and the city of Venice, also a self-declared Republic, besieged by the Austrians, and resolutely defended by Manin. Were these two relics also to be overwhelmed? Was there no hope? Would no foreign power, for example, interfere? The mass of the Italians, in their ignorance, thought even of Great Britain. Mazzini knew better;

he knew that interference in Italian affairs was not in Great Britain's way, and that least of all was she likely to stir herself very heartily for things calling themselves Republics. But from France, anti-Austrian France, herself a Republic, and the beginner of the whole European Revolution which Austria was now undoing? Well, the French Republic did interfere, but it was after the oddest fashion. She left Venice to the mercy of the Austrians, and she sent an army of 30,000 soldiers, under General Oudinot, to Civita Vecchia, with orders to march upon Rome, put down the mushroom Roman Republic, and restore the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. Louis Napoleon was then in the fourth month of his Presidency of the French Republic; but the expedition had been planned by the Republican Cavaignac, and had the concurrence of M. Thiers, M. de Tocqueville, M. Drouyn de Lhuys, and all the leading French politicians. Great Britain also had intimated her assent, on the principle that the restoration of the Pope to his dominions "under an improved form of government" would be particularly agreeable to every candid Protestant mind. And so General Oudinot landed at Civita Vecchia, and marched to Rome, expecting that the Assembly and the Triumvirs would behave sensibly, recognise the will of France, and offer no opposition. Then was the hour of Mazzini. He knew that Rome must fall, but he had made up his mind that in her fall there should be buried the seeds of her renovation, and a bond for all Italy which the world would one day honour. For two months the Romans, with 14,000 armed men among them—Mazzini in the centre, and the larger-framed Garibaldi in his red shirt heading the suburban sallies and showing what street-fighting might be—maintained the defence of the city against the besieging French army; and when, on the 3rd of July, 1849, the French did enter Rome, it was over corpses and ruins. Seven weeks afterwards Venice surrendered to the Austrians after a bombardment; and in

April 1850 the Pope came back from Gaeta to Rome, to resume his temporal sovereignty under the protection of French bayonets.

The last two-and-twenty years of Mazzini's life (1850-1872) make a story very straggling in itself, inasmuch as he is not seen as the direct agent in the wonderful transformation of Italy then actually accomplished, but mainly as the incessant idealist of the transformation, foiled in his attempts to get the practical management of it into his own hands, or even to regulate it in his own way, and obliged to be only the inspirer of others and their critic when they did not satisfy him. Having returned to England, and resumed in London his character of refugee, conspirator, and propagandist, he occupied himself for some years in denouncing more especially the French occupation of Rome, and the conduct of the French generally in the affairs of Italy, including in his rebukes not only Louis Napoleon, first as president and then emperor, but also the other responsible politicians, many of them anti-Napoleonists. This was the time also, I think, of the first general awakening of people in England and Scotland, by Mazzini's influence, to some knowledge of Italian affairs, and some interest in them. Now, too, there was his temporary alliance with Kossuth, the arrival of whom in England, and the extraordinary eloquence and subtlety of his speeches in English, were a public topic for many months. From the attempt so made to link Italy and Hungary in an anti-Austrian league nothing very practical followed; but it led to picturesque groupings in the more private circles of London refugeedom and cosmopolitanism. Kossuth and Mazzini might now be seen side by side, with other Hungarians and Italians round them, and a due sprinkling of Englishmen and Americans, Frenchmen, Poles, and Russians; and on rare occasions, when Garibaldi's ship chanced to come into the London Docks, one had a glimpse of that hero, with his noble figure, and his fair, calm, trustworthy face. Plottings, I daresay, there were;

and ever and anon there was a flutter through France and Italy about some intended Mazzinian movement, or some supposed vision of Mazzini himself near the Italian frontier. He was the stormy petrel of European politics, the newspapers continually said. So in a sense he was; but not unfrequently, when he was reported to be abroad, and the French and Austrian police were watching for him, he was quietly smoking a cigar or listening to Tamberlik in a London room. Tamberlik! What an evening was that when this great singer sang *Italia! O Italia!* in a room filled with refugees and their friends, and the air around you was a shiver with the intensity of feeling that trembled through the voice, and at the close the applause was like a yell of fury, and strong young men flung themselves upon his neck with sobbings and embracings! *Italia! O Italia!* The work of 1848-9 had not been quite in vain for her. She was somewhat freer than she had been; the system of tyranny that racked her had been shaken and loosened. Above all, there was one solid block of her population enjoying constitutional freedom and good administration in tolerable degree, and yielding example, hope, and encouragement to the rest. Bluff King Victor Emmanuel of the Sardinian States had remained steady to the later policy of his father, and he had the matchless Cavour for his minister. It was on this quiet, deep, sagacious, humorous man, covering the farthest aims and the most determined zeal for them under the richest fertility in shifts and compromises—this statesman of the Individualist or Macchiavellian type, as Mazzini would have called him—that there devolved after all the successful scheming for Italy's liberation. He and Napoleon III. put their heads together; and there was the alliance of the French and the Sardinians in a new war against Austria, ending in some gain for the French Emperor, but also in the formation of a Northern Italian Confederation or kingdom of North Italy, with Victor Emmanuel at its head (July 1859). Not a Mazzinian Republic, then, but a

constitutional kingdom, was to be the form of a substantially liberated Italy. Nay, even, as it proved, of an Italy whole and united! For now the Republican Garibaldi, accepting the Kingdom of North Italy as an accomplished fact, volunteered daringly to give it the necessary extension. An insurrection, devised in part by him and Mazzini, had broken out in Sicily against the Neapolitan king, Francis II.; and, plunging into the midst of this, with the battle-cry of "Italy and Victor Emmanuel," Garibaldi was able, in the course of a few months, to win Sicily and Naples too, and hand them over to his royal master, saluting him "King of Italy," and receiving the reply "I thank you" (October 1860). In February 1861 the first united Italian Parliament met at Turin, and in March the Kingdom of Italy was formally recognised by Great Britain. There was yet much to do, however, to accomplish the complete unification: especially there was the Papal sovereignty in the Roman States, with the French force guarding it, lying like an extraneous lump in the middle of the Peninsula. The steps of the farther process by which the unification has been made perfect—the removal of the Italian capital from Turin to Florence, the plotting and negotiations for the possession of Rome, the evacuation of Rome by the French troops in the pressure of the great struggle between France and Germany, the consequent incorporation of Rome also with the Italian kingdom of Victor Emmanuel, and the transference of the capital at last to the ever-glorious city—are all matters of recent recollection. Neither Mazzini nor Garibaldi, I believe, was unfelt through all this later process. The signalling to Rome, the constant stirring of the national passion for Rome as the consummation, was their share of the duty. Not that they were contented. Even Garibaldi, we know, had his tempers; and, though they would fain have pensioned him, and hung golden collars round his neck, and cushioned him softly for the rest of his life, they had to take notice of his outbreaks, actually

shoot at him, and cage him up like a lame old lion. With Mazzini it was worse. Transformed Italy would have been glad to welcome him permanently back too, and to assuage his declining years with luxury, rewards, and honour. He did visit this transformed Italy and receive homage in some of her cities; but she was not transformed, alas! completely to his mind. His dream of a Republican Italy had remained unfilled; and even in the system of a Royalist and Constitutional Italy, as he conceived that imperfect system might be made to work, he found much to blame, and many shortcomings of what was attainable. And so he died in Pisa, plotting no one knows what; and, though the assembled Italian Parliament in Rome have properly signified their remembrance of all that Italy owes to him, they may have felt his death as a practical relief. When a prophet dies whose *Excelsior! Excelsior!* has never ceased for forty years, there may be hope for rest and routine.

Of Mazzini's share in that great transformation of modern Italy, which is one of the most remarkable, and surely one of the most beneficial, facts in the recent history of Europe, it would be difficult to form an estimate. Charles Albert, Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, Napoleon III, Garibaldi, and others and still others unnamed here, have all co-operated in their various ways and with various motives; larger masses of the total substance of the work, as the eye follows it in the palpable form of moving armies and falling thrones, have to be assigned to some of these than to Mazzini; and Mazzini's lifelong pursuit of his enterprise, but for their co-operation, might have been, in large measure, futile and fruitless. Yet, with all allowance, very much of the result *is* due to Mazzini. His defence of Rome against the French, taken as a single action, was a deed after his own heart, and of vast consequence. To me it has always seemed precisely the kind of deed which he was fitted to do, and which, but for the inspiration of his peculiar character, would not have been done at all, or not nearly so well.

To fire a population, at a critical moment, up to the pitch of such a deed of desperation, and yet of duty, and to carry them through it, was, I believe, his most natural function in the world of hard action. In a settled Government, or even in a Government of ordinary struggle and difficulty, I do not think he would have so excelled. He was too intolerant, too tenacious of his own ideas, and these not the ideas that other able and honest men might have; practical co-operation with him long in actual business by a sufficient number of men of any strength of will, and of tolerably good parts, would have been impossible. *Tenacity* is one of the words I would apply to Mazzini; he was the most *tenacious* man I ever met. But here, in his career of propagandism, was his superlative merit. As an Idealist in Italian politics, as the spiritual torch-bearer of a great cause, he was unsurpassable. He ran with the torch, the same torch, for forty years; and, but for the Republican colour in the flame, it proved the right torch at last. The Unity of Italy! who does not remember how that idea was derided in all our newspapers, attacked, written down, treated as a wild chimera? It is to Mazzini's credit that he had seized that idea when no other man had seized it, when the very Italians themselves held it to be naught, and that he kept it alive through good report and bad report, drove it by iteration and reiteration into the popular Italian consciousness, and even into the heads of statesmen, and persevered till he saw it triumph. Facts will take any course, I said some time ago. It is but a half-truth. Facts will always in the end flow in the channel of the deepest speculative perception. So far as most people will now pronounce Mazzini's views about Italy to have been right theoretically, he had succeeded before he died.

Mazzini, it may be necessary to say, was more than the Italian Patriot, though he was that pre-eminently. His patriotism was the main outcome of a very powerful, original, and various mind. He was a Theosophist, a Philo-

sopher, a Moralist, a Reasoner about everything from a definite system of first principles, a Thinker on all subjects, a Universal Critic of Art and Literature. His general writings, partly collected and republished in conjunction with those appertaining to Italy and his own political life, illustrate sufficiently both the systematizing habit of his mind and the wide range of his reading and culture. He knew something about everything. He had a consecutive scheme of the History of the World in his head; he had an acquaintance with the chief Greek and Latin poets, and the characteristics at least of the chief English, Spanish, German, and even Slavonian, authors; in Italian Literature, and in contemporary French Literature, his knowledge was extensive and minute; he had at least looked into Kant and Hegel, and caught the essence of some of their abstractions; he was intelligent on subjects of Art, and especially of Music; and he had no objection to the last novelty in physical science. With all this universality of range, and abundance of casual allusion, his writings are somewhat disappointing to those who desire instruction rather than stimulation. The stimulation is in great over-proportion to the nutriment, and on this very account fails, after a while, even as stimulation. Vagueness; rapidity; the recurrence continually of one or other of a certain limited number of fixed ideas, couched in impressive but nebulous phrases, such as "God and Humanity," "Progress," "the Unity which is the Soul of the Universe," "the infallibility involved in the idea of progression and of collective mankind," "faith in the tradition of your epoch and your nation," "the necessity in this age of a return from Dissolving Analysis to Creative Synthesis;" real eloquence, and sometimes startling dithyrambic power, in the presentation of these ideas, but the presentation of them always as axioms which there were a baseness in not accepting, while you admit their truth only so far, and would occasionally like a little explanation and

proof; a certain literary thinness in the interspaces, and a rarity of those deep incisions of the pure intellect, those nuggets of facts and anecdote, those barbs of wit and fancy, that one expects in celebrated books:—such are perhaps the remarks that a severe critic, accepting on hearsay Mazzini's title to be regarded as an extraordinary man, and examining his writings from consequent curiosity, would make about most of them. Similar remarks, however, would have to be made upon the writings of many men of that order of spiritual and political propagandists to which Mazzini belonged; and, indeed, compared with most such, Mazzini, as a writer, is brilliance itself. But, indeed, Mazzini's purpose in being a writer at all, even when his themes were philosophical or literary, was not so much abstract investigation, or new and interesting literary production in competition with contemporary writers, as precisely the inculcation of those few fixed principles of his of which we have been speaking. He believed them to be applicable to Literature no less than to other things, and he wanted to work them into the literary, no less than into the political, conscience of his time. It may be well, then, to give a handful of these Mazzinianisms, the working tenets of Mazzini's own life, which he desired to diffuse among his contemporaries and to leave behind him for others.

Mazzini was an ardent Theist. Without Religion, without faith in God and the habit of regarding all Nature and the whole course of Humanity as a manifestation of God, the world, he believed, was rotten, and life a ghastly farce. His favourite word for the opposite way of thinking, and for all mere acquiescence in customary Religion without real belief, was Materialism. This word, which he pronounced in a cutting Italian way (*Matèrialism*), was his constant name of reprobation for a great many men whose mental power he acknowledged. It was the counterpart, spiritually and intellectually, of Individualism and Macchiavellism in practice; and the world was full of

Materialists, Individualists, Macchiavellists. The restoration of a real faith in God, and his manifestation through Humanity, was the great reform necessary in every nation. All else would follow. For the manifestation of God through Humanity takes the form of Progress, which is the Evolution of the Thought of God; and Duty for all men, and every man, consists in aiding Progress, or cooperating with the Thought of God in its successive stages,—which cannot be if God is denied, the connexion of the ages with each other forgotten, or the clue not found. But the clue may be found. What the great collective heart of Humanity has always thought and desired, what every nation or people is aspiring after or struggling for, with that ought the individual to sympathize, in that he will find such approach to Absolute Truth as is possible, by that ought he to rule his conscience. The isolation of the individual is absurd; it is immoral to suppose that the individual can serve God by leading a true life all within himself. Men speak of the domestic and family obligations and affections; but these are only the consolations of life, vouchsafed in the performance of its duties. The duties are forgetfulness of self, assent to the flow of the collective life, association with one's fellows, struggle always in the forward direction, strenuous participation in what is going on. Action, rather than contemplation, is man's business. Art and Literature themselves have been vitiated by the individualistic error, the dissociation of them from the common interests, the pursuit of them "for their own sakes," as if they *could* have "sakes" of their own. "What is Poetry? The consciousness of a past world and of a world to come!" Tried by this test, how many poets had fulfilled their divine mission? Dante almost alone; with Shakespeare, and still more with Goethe, grave fault must be found; Byron and Victor Hugo of late had been really powerful and in the right track, but had fallen far short. Let poets and all other artists henceforth go into the thick of things for their themes and inspiration,

and let them launch their songs and symbols, burning messengers of God's intentions, back into the thick of things. "The truly European writer must be a philosopher holding in his hand the poet's lyre." And for men of action, ordinarily so-called, statesmen and politicians, where was the doubt? To perceive the drift of the world, and to help it on practically by their devices and combinations, was the work for *them*. Could the drift be mistaken? Was it not the conclusion of the battle between Privilege and Equality in every form of that battle, so as by the liberation of peoples from thralldom, their freedom within themselves, and their association with each other, to bring about the time when the motto "God and Humanity" would stand out in its full meaning? Nor must this battle be fought by the old agency of the Doctrine of Rights. That was a wretched doctrine, and must be superseded by the Doctrine of Duties. The liberty to perform duty is man's sole right. Every nation would have for a while its own special politics, depending on the particular questions agitated in it, and which it was called on to solve. Of all nations the Italian was best fitted to take the initiative in Europe. The Italian mind above all possessed the necessary characteristic of constant synthesis of thought and action, and twice already had Italy, giving the word from Rome, led the world. The notion of a French initiative in Europe was a disastrous fallacy of the time, which it had been Italy's curse ever to have believed in, and which the New Italy must dash to pieces.

In private society Mazzini's habits were simple, kindly, affectionate, and sometimes even playful. He had a good deal of humour, and could tell a story, or hit off a character, very shrewdly and graphically, not omitting the grotesque points. There was a respectful tenderness in his manner towards women, which never interfered with the frankness he thought due to them on account of that theory of the rightful political coequality of the sexes which he had always advocated. Perhaps he was most happily

seen, even by men, when one or more of several highly-gifted ladies, who knew him thoroughly and made his comfort their study, were present to preside and regulate, keep off the troublesome, and make the surroundings congenial and domestic. Either so, in a varied group round a fireside, or joining in a game at cards at a table, or else more apart and smoking a cigar with one or two selected for that companionship, he was very ready to talk. The talk on such occasions was good, utterly unpedantic, about this or that as it happened, and often with whim and laughter. Inevitably, however, some topic would be started on which Mazzini would show his *tenacity*. It might be a question of Meyerbeer's music in comparison with Rossini's, or it might be anything else of seemingly smaller moment; whatever it was, if Mazzini had an opinion, he would fight for it, insist upon it, make a little uproar about it, abuse you with mock-earnestness for believing the contrary. That would not last long; a laugh would end it; we knew Mazzini's way. But sometimes the difference would go deeper, and then it was not mock-earnestness, but real earnestness, that was evoked. Mazzini's talk, though never ill-natured, tended to be critical. In speaking of the men or the writers he liked and admired most, he would arrive at their shortcomings, if he did not begin with them; and these shortcomings, of course, were their non-correspondence with his own absolute ideal. Hence, in avowing your own liking against his, in a case where your feelings were stirred, you might be tempted to put a shot into that ideal, or you might unawares assault one of its principles. Then he was down upon yourself. *You* also were in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity; there was a touch of *Matérialism* in you, though you did not know it; you were, at all events, an Individualist, or (what was as bad in Mazzini's vocabulary) a Classicist! Naturally, your pugnacity was roused by this, as he liked that it should be; and bang! another shot at his ideal, right at the centre-principle this time!

You tried it perhaps in the form of an extremely abstract and metaphysical query as to the validity of the Progress notion. "If the notion of Progress be an axiom, Mr. Mazzini, must it not be an axiom only in reference to the totality of things? Why suppose Progress, or God's universal thought towards good, locked up in our earth, or in the procedure of that shred of creation called Humanity? What is Humanity but a leaf in the vast tree of leaves; and may not this leaf be blackening and dying while the whole tree grows and lives? May not some collective commotions and tendencies of Humanity be but the black spots, the signs of rot? If there is Progress in Humanity, in the sense of the evolution of God's universal thought of good, must it not be in some subtler and more complicated way than that of the vague axiom?" You did not mean to say all this; but you came to be glad you did. For then Mazzini broke out, and he grappled you with the yearning of an apostle, and yet with a rigour of reasoning and an acuteness of analysis which you were hardly prepared to expect from your ordinary experience of him. One such occasion I particularly remember, on

which for two hours there was a discussion of this kind so intimate and so eager that, though I went away unconvinced on the main point, it was with a sense that I had never before been engaged in such an exercise of give and take, or had my mind so raked and re refreshed by the encounter. Few such conversations do men's habits of intercourse now allow, and more is the pity! Let it not be supposed, however, that an evening with Mazzini was always, or often, so severe a matter. Varied and interesting chat, with only the due dash of the very seriously Mazzinian, was the general rule; and you might light a second or a third cigar. It was late before you went away; and, on the rare occasions when he was not to remain after you were gone, you might have his company for some little distance through the dark London streets. You parted then at the corner of some narrower street than usual, he going his way, and you yours. And now he sleeps for ever in Pisa, by the Leaning Tower, unless they remove his ashes to his native Genoa, or to the great Rome which he defended once, and which was the city of his heart of hearts. Farewell, Mazzini!

END OF VOL. XXV.

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